

NOW: THE BIGGEST, GUTSIEST, MOST COLORFUL MAGAZINE EVER!

SPREE

NO. 38
ONE
DOLLAR
ASN

SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE:
I PLOTTED HITLER'S MURDER
(an exclusive eye-witness account!)

SHOCKING EXPOSE:
The New Boom in White Slavery

PLUS:
A TANTALIZING
BEVY OF
BUXOMY
BABES

NEW: SENSATIONAL GIANT PIN-UP FOLDOUT IN FULL COLOR

DARING
FICTION

SPICY
HUMOR





Every once in a while, the editors of SPREE suddenly find that the material selected for an issue falls into a neatly packaged category, like a heavy foreign interest issue or something singularly worth talking about, like a particularly sexy set of girls. Well this month we have such a variety that we were almost tempted to call the presentation spice.

First, George Smith retells the eye-witness account of Hitler's Death Plot, a gripping bit of history right from one of the guys who barely escaped with his life.

Meanwhile, back to the spice of life, we have not overlooked SPREE's gals. Blondes, brunettes, and pert redheads spark the old libido engines in this issue.

Want still more action? The fiction department offers a frightening ride, after a particularly passionate bed scene. And Sam Alberts portrays what happens to two young lovers on a lustful, shattering 'Double Date'.

Enough? Oh, no! There's a nostalgic piece on a now closed burlesque house, a bare-facts bit with a few words and a lot of just plain bare-busted babes.

We're especially pleased with this issue of SPREE. Agree? Disagree?



CONTENTS

VOL. 1 NO. 38

PREFERRED: BARBARA DEE/pictorial	4
DRIVE INTO TERROR/fiction by W. J. Reynolds	12
NEW GIRL IN TOWN/pictorial	16
WHITE SLAVERY'S NEW BOOM/article by Cyrus W. Bell	22
GOODBYE MISS BUMP-AND-GRIND/reverie by Pete Kevin	24
BETTY...OUR OWN RAVIN' BEAUTY/pictorial	32
I PLOTTED HITLER'S MURDER/true article by Lt. Karl Kray	45
RACY RACING GIRL/pictorial	50
DOUBLE DATE/ fiction by Sam Albert	60
MISS POOL-SALES-GIRLSHIP/pictorial	64



John Hurley
Editor and Publisher

Pat Sadena
Art Director



SPREE is published monthly by NEW PUBLISHING CO. Editorial and business offices: Suite 316 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, California. All material submitted at the senders risk and must be accompanied by return postage. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in this fiction and semi-fiction magazine and real people and places is purely coincidental. Copyright 1963 by NEW PUBLISHING CO., Printed in U.S.A.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



BARBARA DEE

PREPARED:

One look at long-tressed Barbara Dee, and it's patently obvious why gentlemen (or any red-blooded guys) prefer blondes.

Clad only in a provocative pair of black silk hose, tantalizingly attached to a lacy undergarment gizmo, Barbara is just what any man would like to have around the house. But she's not playing!

The deal we offered (heh, heh!) was turned down and our faces were properly slapped for the effort.

"Modeling's for me," she said in a huffy, delightfully Scots-burred accent. "I like the action, but I gotta pay the bills, first. What I'm looking for is a permanent deal—with ring, etc. Understand?"



**ALL THE TALENTS THAT BARBARA BARES ARE
WHAT ALL PRETTY GALS HAVE—BUT THEN SOME
GIRLS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS!**







**BLONDE ATOP AS THE STRAW IN THE FIELD,
THIS WINNING LASS IS EASY ON THE EYES!**





**ALL THE TALENTS THAT BARBARA
BARES ARE WHAT ALL PRETTY GALS
HAVE— BUT THEN SOME GIRLS ARE
MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS!**



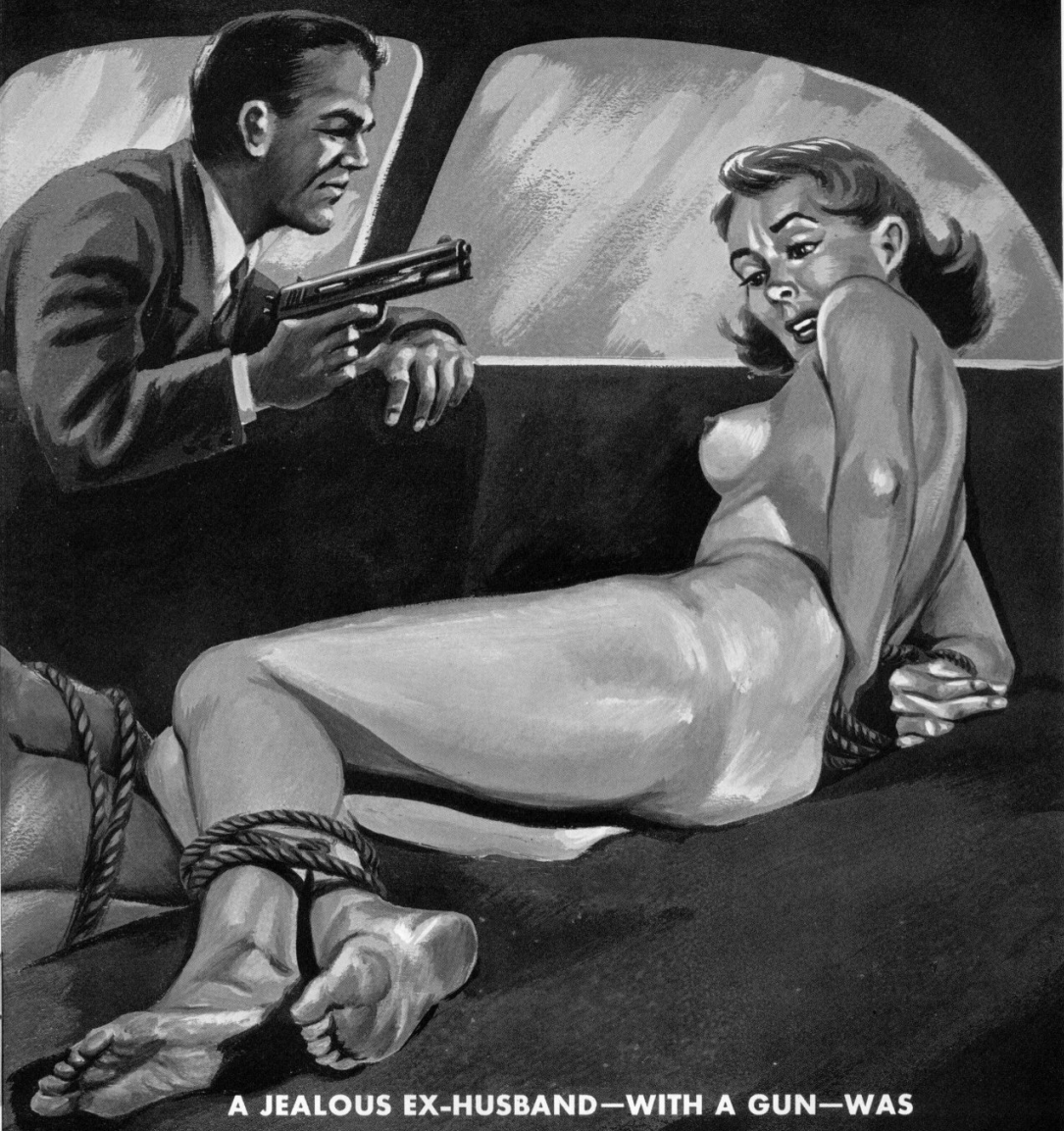
DRIVE INTO TERROR!

Lew Manning sipped his drink, listening to the sounds of Betty in the shower. Lew was thirty-two, a bachelor, and he'd been around. He didn't need to be hit over the head to get a point. Betty Nunn hadn't brought him here to discuss a car sale as she had pretended at noon. Whatever her real purpose, right now she was preparing for some cuddling.

Lew grinned in anticipation. To hell with the car sale, only an idiot would object to cuddling with Betty. He felt the tightening tingle in his groin that he had felt this noon when he saw Betty ankling toward him with Gregory, the boss. In the belted black dress she was a sex symbol with exotic drum beats.

Her auburn hair was cut short, she had a perky nose and sensual red

(Continued on next page)



**A JEALOUS EX-HUSBAND—WITH A GUN—WAS
ALMOST TOO MUCH ON A LONG, ONE-WAY RIDE!**

DRIVE INTO TERROR!

(Continued from previous page)

lips and smoke blue eyes. She had smiled at Lew slowly, like she had known him forever, and they shared intimate secrets.

"Miss Nunn, may I present Lew Barker, our top salesman. Lew will treat you right." Gregory smirked in the manner of bosses sensing a quick, profitable sale.

"I hope so, Mr. Gregory," Betty smiled again at Lew, and Lew felt his metabolism doing handstands. She held out her hand and Lew took it. Her clasp was clinging, warm, and Lew's breath seemed cut off at his throat. "Call me Betty, Lew."

"Hello, Betty."

She'd given the cars a cursory glance, pointed at a red convertible. "Could you bring that one to my place after work, Lew? I just don't have time right now."

"Certainly, Betty." Right then he'd have agreed to take off to the moon with her.

When he arrived at her apartment at six, she opened the door, a terry cloth robe tightly around her curves. "Come in, Lew. Mix yourself a drink, I'm showering. I'll be right with you. Make me one, bourbon with a touch of water." She gave him her slow, beautiful smile and slanted the smoke blue eyes at him. "We can talk about the sale in a moment."

To hell with the sale, he thought, watching the bathroom door.

Betty came out. Lew could hardly stifle the whistle of appreciation; he didn't try to soften his admiration. She had on a pair of skin tight slacks, a nylon blouse. Her breasts thrust at the filmy material, the visible nipples pointing suggestively at Lew. She was smiling.

She turned on a hidden hi-fi, adjusted the volume, then walked straight to Lew. She clasped her hands behind his neck, smoke eyes crinkling, red lips moist and lovely. "You know, of course, that I don't give a hang for the car, don't you, Lew?"

"My thought, exactly," Lew said, sitting his drink down and letting his arms slide around her.

She came against him, the warm curves fitting suggestively against him. Her subtle perfume must have been mixed by a phallic expert. She stirred against him, and Lew shook off his happy daze. Hell, he was acting like a schoolboy. He kissed her, and her lips were clinging, responsive, his flesh tingled where the pointed breasts flattened against his chest. Her hands were around him, under his coat, running up and down his lean back.

Her hands came up to run down the sleeves of his coat, and he had only to release her a moment, to let the coat fall. Her breasts were heaving as she undid his tie, her eyes were dark, lips heavy. His shirt followed the tie, then she was pressing against his bare chest, squirming, panting.

Lew picked her up in his arms. Her arms went tight around his neck, lips glued to his. He kicked open the bedroom door, deposited her on the bed. He undid the blouse, slid it off and then peeled off the slacks. The curvy body was perfect, white, inviting. She lay watching him with wide eyes, her lips parted, breathing fast. She welcomed him into the bed and made small sounds of pleasure as he explored the sleek curves with caressing hands, kissed the nipples that hardened under his touch. She writhed with anticipated pleasure.

"Lew, Lew," she moaned.

Then her writhing was violent motion to meet each rhythm until her muffled scream of release burst eagerly with his own gasps.

They lay together, Lew caressing her, she smiling with happy eyes. She said, "I saw you at the car lot a week ago, Lew. I haven't been able to think of anything else since. I flipped. I knew you were my man, the man I wanted. I checked to see if you were a bachelor. I'm not a home wrecker. Do you mind, darling?"

"Mind? What do you think? You're a sweetheart."

She hesitated. "There's a man, Lew. My ex-husband. I flew to Reno and divorced him. Bert's mean, and he's

got the idea that I ran out on him. That he can't stand. It was over between us, we agreed, but Bert's funny, he's nuts."

"We won't worry about him," Lew said. "Honey, I wouldn't give you up for ten Berts."

She snuggled against him. "I love you, Lew, you're wonderful. I just knew you would be. I'll get you a key. Use it often, huh?"

"Every day—"

The bedroom door suddenly slapped open, two men walked inside.

Betty stifled a scream, grabbing for the light bed cover. Lew sat up. "What the hell is this?"

"Now isn't this cozy, Fats," the lean man said, his dark eyes flaring wild. "Just what you'd expect of a bitch like her."

"Yeh, real cozy, Bert," Fats said, his little eyes avidly devouring Betty's naked body. He licked loose fat lips.

"Get out, Bert," Betty said, anger in her voice, "and take your fat goon with you. Leave me alone I'm not your wife anymore."

"I'll leave you alone," Bert said, voice savage, "after today, I sure will, but you won't be enjoying it. I guarantee it."

"Yeh, we guarantee it," Fats said. "Fats."

Fats suddenly had a flat automatic in his fat hand. He shifted it to his left, and took a sap from his pocket. He advanced on the bed. "Get up, lover boy." His voice thickened, his eyes gleaming. "Up, lover boy, I got a little present from Bert here, all for you." He showed every indication of getting a charge out of the presentation.

"What the hell is wrong with you two bums?" Lew said, swinging off the bed. "Are you gone ape?"

"Lew!" Betty cried. "Look out, Lew, that fat slob will enjoy beating you to death!"

Fats was grinning. Bert said, "I told you, I'd let you know if I wanted a divorce, you bitch. Now I'm gonna show you nobody, no dame, runs out on Bert Calvert."

Betty was badly frightened, she seemed to know what to expect, but she tried to keep her voice even, the way you'd try to keep from panicking a dangerous moron. "Bert, we agreed it was over. You did."

"I said I'd think it over. But you couldn't wait, now I aim to show you what happens to dizzy dames who run out on me, and lover boys, too."

Lew realized that Betty's panic was not without reason, both these

bastards were crazy. He suddenly batted the gun in Fats' hand then sank his other fist in the fat man's gut.

Fats wheezed, barely shaken, then sapped Lew. He didn't sap him hard enough to knock him out. Then as Lew tried to recover, to defend himself, Fats proceeded to work him over expertly. Lew staggered about the room, nearly blind, head roaring, dimly hearing Betty's screams, her begging to make Fats stop.

Then Betty's screams suddenly stopped, and dazedly Lew saw her on the floor, Bert standing over her. Bert kicked her savagely in the ribs. Lew swung wildly, felt his fist connect, then his head seemed to explode in a pinwheel of sparks. He didn't even know when he hit the carpet.

Lew came to, aware of motion, and after awhile, he knew he was lying on the floor of an automobile. It was dark but in the dim glow of the dash-lights, he could make out Betty struggling, hoisting herself onto the seat from a position on the floor. She had hard going of it with her hands and feet bound. She was stark naked. There were blankets on the floor, and Lew assumed that both he and Betty had been merely rolled in a blanket when carried from the apartment. Lew found that his feet and wrists were bound also.

He struggled with the bonds, found it to be some soft material, probably one of Betty's slips or a pair of nylons. Betty was panting, having made the seat, and looking down at Lew. Lew nudged her ankles that were against his. She nudged back.

"For God's sake!" Betty cried at Bert and Fats in front. "You sadistic bums give Lew a break. He'll smother on the floorboards and in those damned blankets."

"Let him," Bert snarled back.

Fats turned partly around, staring at Betty's nakedness, and Lew could almost feel her shrink. "You hope he's still alive, doll. You'll want company in that mine shaft. The rats are as big as cats. Think of all the fun you and this bum can have fighting them rats off!" He gave a wheezing laugh.

"You rotten sons of bitches!" Betty screamed, and both Bert and Fats laughed at the terror in her voice.

"I aim to make it more interesting for you," Bert said. "I aim to work you over personally, you two-timing bitch. I aim to make a beefsteak of that face so the rats will be happier!"

"That's the turn off ahead there, Bert," Fats said. "The mine's another

half mile. Nobody'll find them for years."

Lew's head scooted against the door as the car made an abrupt left turn, then went bumping over a washed out dirt road. Lew hurt all over from Fats' expert sapping, and his head was a roar of pain, but desperation gave him energy and strength to fight his bonds.

He worked at his hand bonds savagely but with a minimum of movement. He thought he was fairly safe with the bucking car on the rough road. The nylon was tight but soft, and Lew eventually felt his hand slip then he was free. A surge of hope was added to the savage fury that boiled inside him. Just a fair chance with those sadists was all he asked.

"Right there, Bert," Fats said. "Behind that clump of brush and rock."

The big car slowed to a crawl, and Lew knew it was now or never while Bert was still occupied with driving. Lew abruptly came to his knees. Fats caught a glimpse of him, shouted, grabbing for his gun.

Lew caught his hair and a fat handful of jaw, and hauled Fats savagely backward, bending his head and neck over the seat back. Fats had his gun out, and Lew caught the arm, brought it down against the seat with all his strength. He heard the elbow

Fats screamed as Lew struck him on the throat with the edge of his hand. Bert braked the car, the sudden stop catapulting Lew partly over the front seat. Bert was swinging his own gun, awkwardly, for a shot. Lew heaved Fats up and shoved him at Bert.

The muffled explosions mingled with Fats' throat constricted wheeze of fear. Betty hurled her body at Bert, further hindering him until Lew could grab his gun arm, twist it savagely. Bert screamed, dropping the gun. Lew hit Bert in the face with his fist then kept at it until Bert was beaten senseless.

"Lew!" Betty was screaming. "Lew, don't kill him!"

Lew sank back panting, then fumbled at Betty's bonds. She threw her arms around him the moment she was free. "Lew, darling. Oh, Lew!"

Lew was getting his breath back, and he held her lush body close against his, liking the feel of her, knowing that he was going to be seeing a very great deal of this lovely woman.

"Your poor face," she was murmuring, caressing it gently, kissing him. "I could kill them!"

Lew kissed her. "Just lumps, honey,

they'll go down. We were lucky. Now we got to get this mess of psychotics back to the law." He leaned over, listening to Fats' wheezing breath, seeing the blood on his clothes. "Fats is still alive but he's got a couple of Bert's slugs in him. I think we won't have to worry about these two any more."

They turned Fats and Bert over to the first sub-station deputy sheriff, had their stories checked out, and verified by a badly frightened and seriously wounded Fats.

"He yapped his head off," the deputy told Lew and Betty. "He thought we weren't calling a doctor just because he couldn't hear the ambulance coming. I'd say you two were very lucky people."

After signing a statement and giving their addresses, they were allowed to go. "If Fats dies it'll be murder," Lew said, "and even if he don't with their records, they'll be soaked away for a long time."

Back in her apartment, Betty fussed over Lew's cuts and bruises, clucking and kissing him until Lew had to laugh, his hands busy, hindering her ministrations.

"For a beat up man," she scolded him, "you've got busy hands. Am I going to have to stop doctoring you and take some of the octopus out of you?"

He held her against him and kissed her. "How?" he asked with assumed innocence.

She pressed closer. "Do I have to tell you, or show you?"

He slipped the blouse she had donned. "Show me," he said, kissing the erect breasts.

"Lew!" she gasped. "The bedroom —"

"Too far," Lew said, as they slid to the carpet, locked in tight embrace.

With Betty any place was wonderful.

W MEN-WOW
W
W
W
VERY INTERESTING ITEMS
AND OFFERS-FASCINATING!
-LITERATURE 25¢
RAS ENTERPRISE DEPT. B
P.O. BOX 2754, NEW YORK 17, NY

**EXCITING YOUNG
ENGLISH WIDOW**
Seeks contact by introducing her
Art Studies and Films.
Please enclose \$1 for samples
Utmost discretion assured
B.M. APT. 14
Box 434, Adelaide P.O., Toronto, Can.



NEW GIRL



There's a new girl in town, the caller said, and I'm taking pictures of her right now. Would SPREE like to see the results?

Ever on the look out for that fresh, clean, wholesome look in womanhood for its readers, SPREE's staff shouted a firm affirmative to the caller. Then, busy with putting together a magazine, the staff settled back into its routine—interviewing beautiful women who throw themselves at the editors' feet whenever we go out for a short drink—

The urgent call was forgotten. And we do mean forgotten for the day passed, the week, and finally we figured it was just a crank call.

Then, six months to the day, we got another call. Same voice, same story. Not to be frustrated in its constant search for new talent, nor disappointed, we traced the call. Kind phone company gave us name, address. Hop-

IN TOWN!!



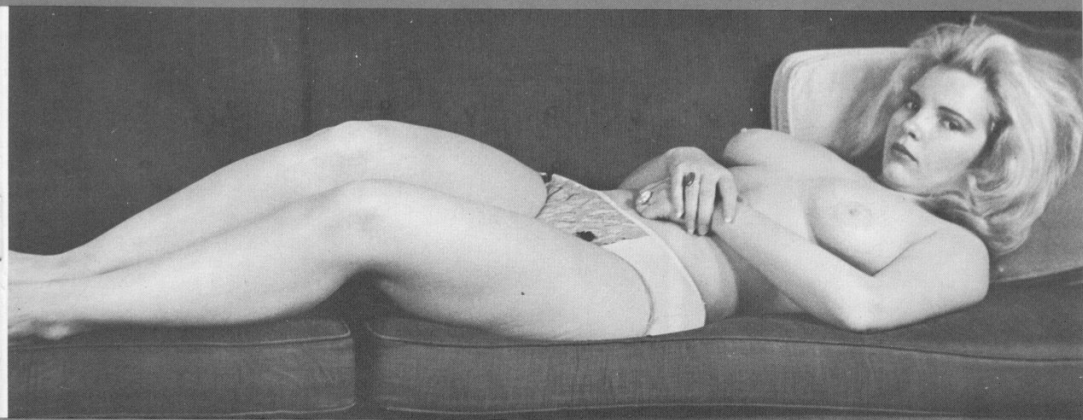
ping into the station wagon, we raced over. Sure enough, there was a new girl in town.

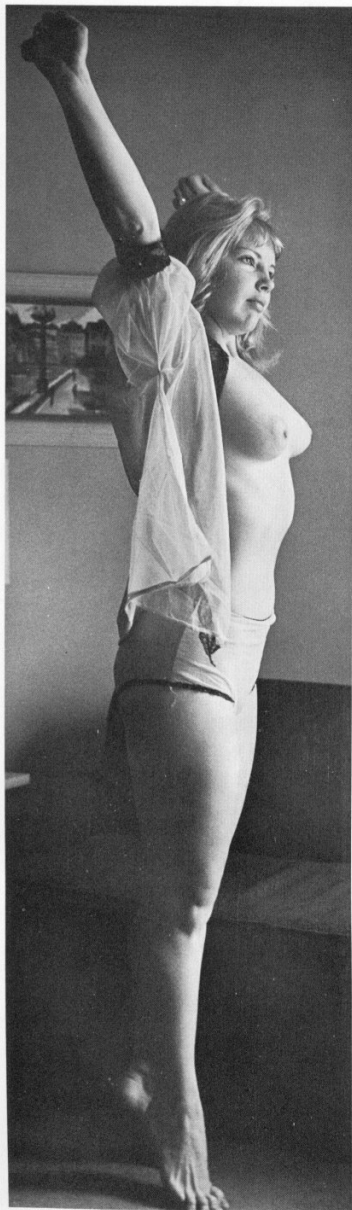
In a five-day interview, we managed to find out that her name is Connie Hudson, no relation to the river in New York City nor to the once famous automobile. But that's about all. Oh, yes, the pictures here are of Connie. Should we ask her more about herself? Let us know. We're confused.





**SHE'S A LITTLE SHY, OUR CONNIE, BUT HER
BODY SPEAKS A LANGUAGE ALL ITS OWN!**

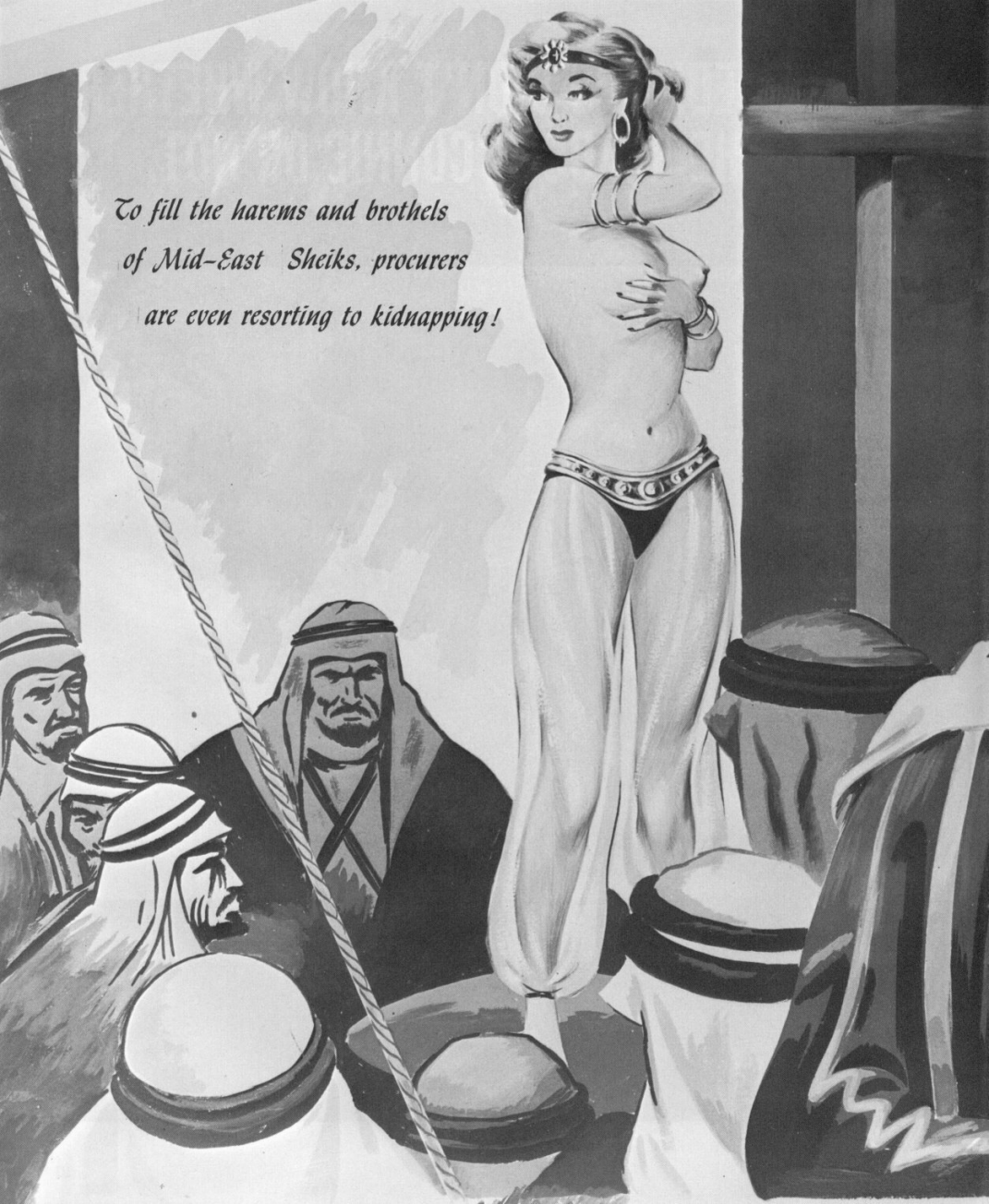




**CONFUSED EDITORS DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER
TO SHOW THE READERS CONNIE OR NOT.**



*To fill the harems and brothels
of Mid-East Sheiks, procurers
are even resorting to kidnapping!*



SPREE EXPOSE
by Cyrus W. Bell

THE NEW BOOM IN WHITE SLAVERY



The girl hurrying down the deserted Bari street doesn't notice the Fiat-1800 parked at the end of the alley. She is young and magnificently built; her summer dress clinging provocatively to a beautifully strapping figure that is erotic in its tight emphasis. Suddenly two brawny men explode from the car. One jams a chloroform-damp hanky onto the girl's face while the other iron-grips her arms until her struggling stops. As she falls limp like an empty flour sack, the men stuff her into the back seat of the auto. Moments later the souped-up kidnap car races towards the town of Brindisi snuggled against the tangled maze of docks along the Adriatic waterfront. No one ever sees or hears of the girl after that.

Not long ago, in another part of the Mediterranean, in one of Athen's second-run movie houses, 18-year-old Ileana Papas, a gorgeous brunette of eye-popping proportions, is watching the film, *Ben Hur*. Quietly an usher approaches her, taps her on the shoulder and summons her to the telephone in the manager's office.

"Ileana," the voice on the phone says, "rush home as quickly as possible. Your mother is in the hospital after a bad accident. The doctor says she may die in a matter of minutes. Hurry! Take the first cab you see!"

The startled girl utters a cry and rushes out through the lobby. Outside near the marquee an empty taxicab waits. Hurriedly she boards it with her eyes in tears, and it speeds off. That is the last anyone in Greece ever

(Continued on page 44)

GOODBYE, MISS BUMP- AND-GRIND



SPREE REVERIE/by pete kevin

...for now!

It's no secret that the bump and grind of a fabulous burlesque is part of the history of show biz. But once in a while in that daffy, but almost stickily sentimental town, known in filmland as Hollywood, the art of tease, the act of the clothed wench who sheds for shekles is revived.







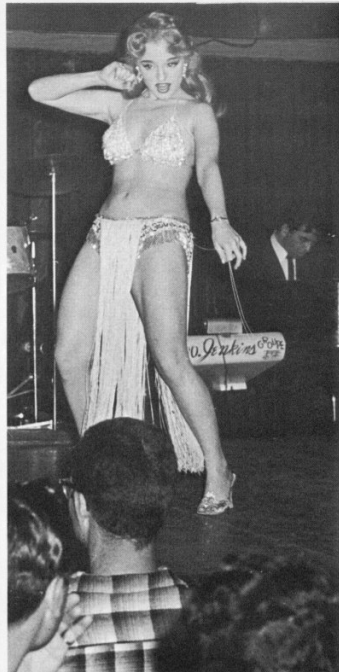
Burlesque is dead! We've read its obits everywhere. But fondly we remember...and await your return!

A little more than a year ago, a swinging type, jumping cocktail parlor opened along the Appian Way of the movie empire, Hollywood Boulevard, and began with a host of bee-you-ti-full gals (20 count 'em 20) who took the mournful throb of the snare drum as siren call to passion, reviving the good, old-fashioned strip.

The name was, of course, in keeping with the highest traditions of the peeling palaces of old. A catchy name in tune, albeit a bummy one, with the beat of its generation: *Stripville*.

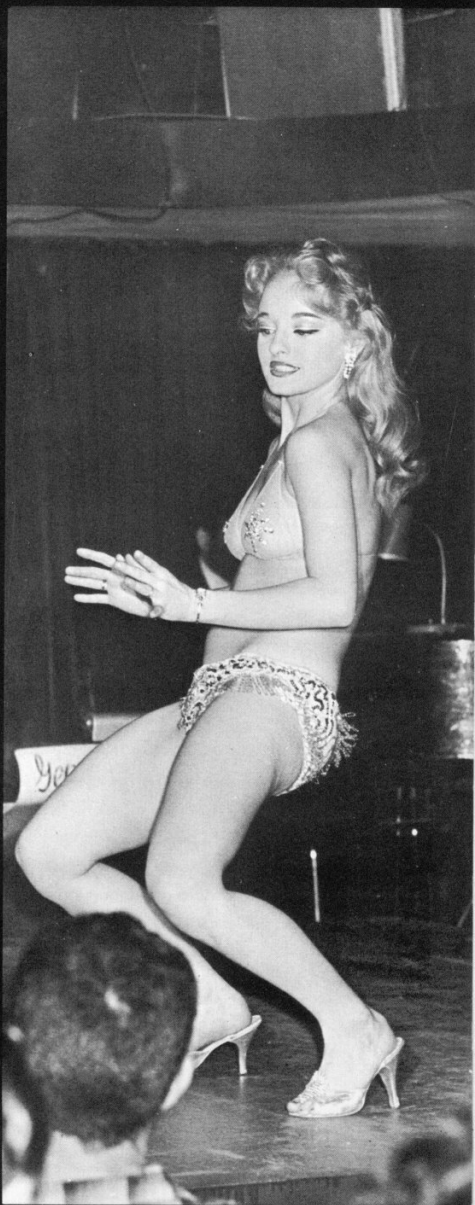
Leotarded waitresses pushed drinks from service bar to customer at prices a bit too high, but not extravagant, and shook a provocative hip here and there to add to the gaiety that once was a strip joint's *raison d'être*. When the lights faded on the last number, one could at least retain the spell of fascinating femininity by ordering another round. Smiles abounded as the bar tab rose. . .

But that's just what every guy ever wanted: a sweet,





promising-nothing, but provocative smile, darling, and then I can face my wife again. In the meantime, after a short pause for the best cause, the show banged open once more, to the thump-thump of the snare and a blare or two of a not-so-golden horn. Parted came the stage curtain, and there she was. Who? It didn't matter what name she had, as long as she was a doll who danced and shed the glitter of a phony gown to the smooth, firm flesh of her natural endowments. And at Stripville, such stellar sensations as Barbara Holden, Lisa Drake, and Tawnee Leia exposed the skin every





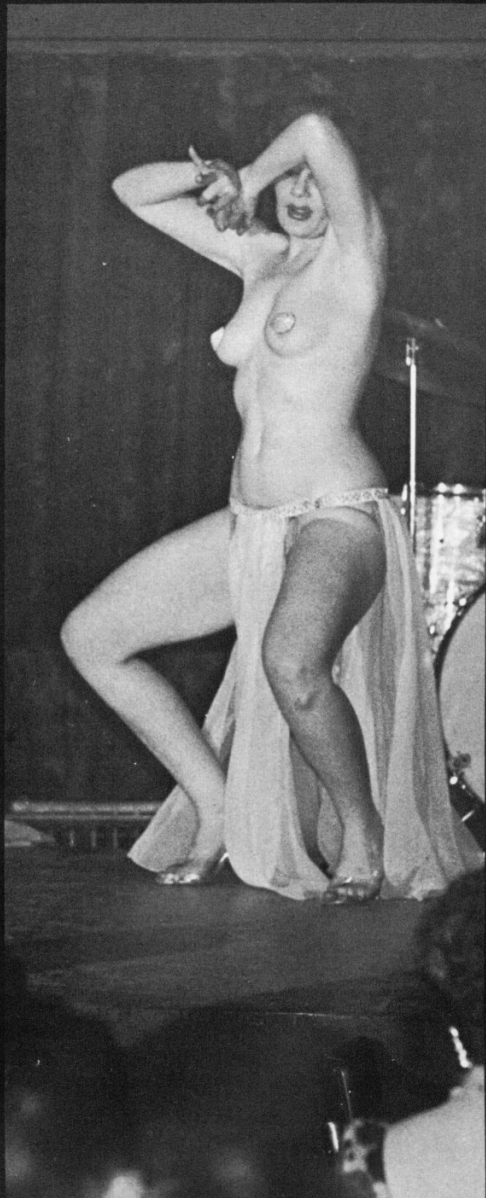


guy would have loved to touch—well at least all the way down to her G-string and zircon pasties.

The lure that once made such grand palais de femmes world renowned are no more. What has replaced them, and by no means get the idea that strip joints are dead, is a far cry from the splendor of old. Tawdry is about the kindest thing you can say about these modern joints. Even the term *joints* seems a bit too crude—until you actually walk into one cold sober.



Be that as it may! Times and man change. Our horses and carriages are stowed in museums. What bare flesh we once admired across a smoky room to the haunting thump of a drum, we can enjoy in stereophonic sound and glorious technicolor at almost anything but a Disney movie. And, thank good old libidoloving entrepreneurs, at "joints" like the late—and much lamented—Stripville.





ANGELA OUR OWN RAVING BEAUTY



Angela Webster, the lovely, lissome lass who graces our front cover and the fabulous new fold-out centerspread this month, is known around Hollywood as the quiet one. But it is not, as you might imagine from the old cliches, because she is beautiful and dumb. Far from it. As a matter of fact, our curvy cover girl is magna cum laude, and that, buddy, means she is mucho in the mind department.

Born in one of the select suburbs of tinsel-town, Angela went to school with hardly a murmur, so shy was







our gal in her not-so-long-ago-youth.

After breezing through the headier courses of anthropological psychology, advanced math, and political science, she was offered a top job with the State Department, but, good little girl that she is, she took her father's advice. That is, she refused the job because her father is a member of the opposition party. Other job offers flew to her, including a choice position as a lecturer in her chosen field, but, still and the ever the shy one, she had to let that go by.

For a gal as sveltely sweet as Angela, however, career opportunities don't ever stop knocking. It happened one day that staff SPREE cameraman, Sulli, saw her, talked to her, and made the proposition that she try out for the magazine's featured spot as the first beauty to fill the new giant centerfold.

Flattered, but still shy, Angela agreed.

And we're sure that you'll agree that Angela fills the pages with the most, and as far as we're concerned she doesn't have to say a thing.











"Hasn't anyone told you that its rude to read over someone's shoulder?"

WHITE SLAVERY

(Continued from page 22)

sees of Ileana Papas. To all intents and purposes she has vanished from the face of the earth.

In Marseilles a few months ago, two young girls—Renée Toussan, 17, and Micheline Santilli, 16—are having the Cinderella time of their lives at a church dance not far from the waterfront. But when the last number of the evening has been played, neither Renée nor Micheline is anywhere to be found. In fact, the French police are still searching.

The disappearance of these teenage women—the girl in Bari, the one in Athens and the two from Marseilles—is typical of the latest kind of “kidnaping” that has been spreading across Europe in the last year or so. Frustrated Italian Carabinieri, French Gendarmes and Greek detectives are facing a new wrinkle in the time-worn practice of recruiting sex slaves.

As I write this here in Rome, a slimy crew of producer-agents have been knocking down fat commissions by quietly abducting European teenagers right off the streets—often in full daylight!—to fill Moslem harems in the Middle East. So far the victims have been college coeds, salesgirls, typists and even home-makers. They have been sold to oil-rich Arabs as harem slaves for prices which range up to \$3,000 and which depend on her vital statistics, her age, weight and color of hair.

Since the petroleum boom in Arabys has given rise to a privileged class of men who are preposterously wealthy, even by American standards, the affluent princes and monied merchants of Saudi Arabia and the Yemen are currently stacking their slave-pens with the most desirable harem fodder on the continent, no matter what the cost. This new gimmick, however, supplements the already known traffic of sex slaves involving native girls from Africa who are being smuggled into Arab villages and sold in the marketplace as concubines.

Apparently the Allah-sent oil has changed the sex tastes of many sheiks because they now want—and are eager to pay dearly for—streamlined maidens from Europe whose skin is light and whose hair is blonde. The demand for French and Italian slaves is so great that the C.O.D. price for a well-stacked Roman cutie or a ripened Gallic made-moiselle has pushed the procuring racket

to new depths. Kidnaping teenage love-lies off the sidewalks of Marseilles or Milan is now turning into a business that already runs close to a million dollars a month.

With demand greater than supply, the well-heeled sheiks are pouring talent scouts into the Mediterranean real estate up north, from Palermo to Pisa to Paris. Some of the harem emissaries use bribes or blackmail. Failing that brutality is used to get the girls across the balmy waters to Cairo where they are swiftly picked up and freighted deeper into the trackless burning deserts of “Oildorado.”

During my investigation in Athens, police officials admitted that although they knew what was happening to these unfortunate girls, they were powerless to do anything about the situation. They reported they had made an official appeal to Interpol—the International Police Organization—for help but to no avail, so far.

“A large number of our young women have been abducted or tricked into white slavery,” Capt. Adamantios Argarapias of the Athens Police Department said, “but we cannot trace them beyond our own borders without the help of Interpol and other law enforcement agencies. We know for sure that the White Slavers are getting as high as \$3,000 for females they deliver unharmed to agents in Beirut or Port Said.”

Capt. Argarapias told us that the White Slave rings try to get as many girls as possible without resorting to force. Greek women of dubious morals are offered handsome sums of money to work as “entertainers” in the Middle East. So quite a number of women have left their native shores voluntarily only to find that they have been hoodwinked into brothels.

Still another favorite dodge of the procurers is to entice girls aboard coastal vessels in various harbors. There they are drugged and kept in a semi-stupor until the ship’s “quota” has been filled and can set sail for some unknown destination. The Italian Coast Guard working the Adriatic Sea has nabbed a few of these V-vessels with their strange cargo.

The last such case, which took place a short while ago, brought on the arrest and conviction of a captain, his first mate and two sailors who were given 20 years of hard labor. Their boat—a 2,100-ton Bulgarian tramp flying the Yugoslavian flag—was boarded by Italy’s Guardacoste sailors from stem to stern. Below a lower deck cabin floor, under boards that had been nailed down with four-inch spikes, the search team found five ankle-cuffed Italian girls ranging in age from 17 to 20. The skipper of the boat almost fooled the boarding party when the

papers in his possession showed he was on his way to Alexandria to deliver sewing machines and pick up a cargo of dates and figs.

Such attempts at outright kidnaping usually work in dandy fashion, however. The other approach, the so-called soft-soap routine, works beautifully many times. Other times, pffft! Take the bumbled attempt to recruit two English contour queens, which earned them a wad of tabloidesque publicity in the London press not long ago.

In Beirut at the “Colorado” nightclub a well-dressed, handsome Arab made a pitch at two cabaret entertainers, ages 19, turing the Middle East. The Moslem minced no words as he told lovely Patricia and Sheila Kelly, sisters from Derby, England, that they had the kind of figures big-shot sheiks would pay thousands of pounds to have in their harems for a reasonable stretch. He guaranteed the blue-eyed twins they could return to their troupe in 60 days—with a tidy fortune in their bank accounts for services rendered.

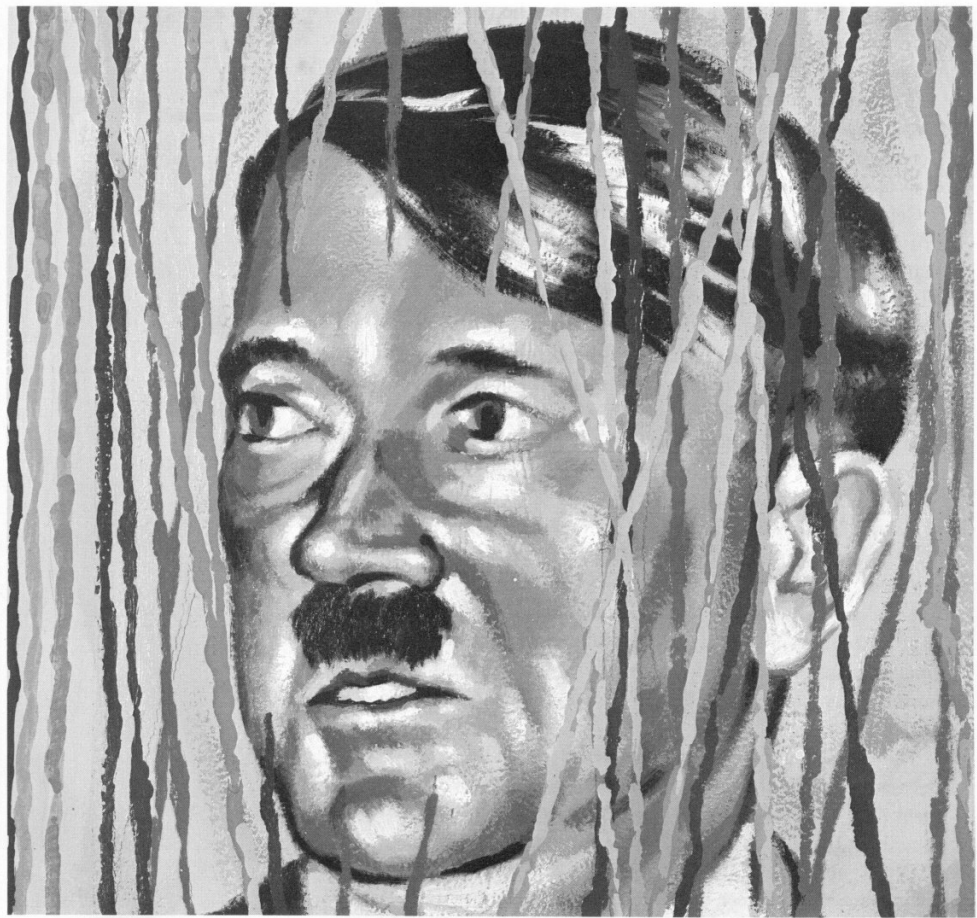
“This disgusting procurer actually promised he would personally get us admitted to a royal harem, instead of one owned by a merchant or businessman,” Pat Kelly told the London Sunday Dispatch later. “He even offered to place on immediate deposit a staggering sum of money that would have taken us three years to earn as dancers. Naturally we were both nauseated, and we showed this abominable character how awfully mad we were at the crude proposition. We alerted the Beirut police after we shooed him away, but he never showed up after that to try again.”

Another entertainer—belly-dancer and stripteaseur Elaine Dana, a French beauty who married a young Sheik and lived with him in Saudi Arabia before escaping to the West—reported to this correspondent that she personally knew of several European girls who were trapped in harems as prisoners.

“The Arab man looks upon a woman of his own race who sells her body as an object of contempt,” Elaine told us between shows in a Milan nightclub. “Therefore a woman from Europe is highly desirable. She’s a novelty for which a rich Arab is willing to pay a very high price. Every well-to-do Arab considers himself fortunate if he can possess a white-skinned woman or a blonde—the younger the better!”


First word of the slave scandal reached this reporter from Mme. Legrand-Falco, president of the French Women’s League Against White Slavery, which in a few short months already has a file of cases that would knock your eye out. Madame Legrand-Falco reported

I PLOTTED HITLER'S



MURDER !

by Lt. Karl Kray, former Luftwaffe pilot, as told to George H. Smith

 The tall man in the uniform of a colonel of the General Staff who came aboard my plane at Berlin's Rangsdorf Air Field on the morning of July 20, 1944 was handsome and dignified in spite of the patch that hid his left eye. I noticed too that he possessed only one hand and that the other had only three fingers. The wounds, I knew, were the result of a land mine explosion in the North African fighting.

"Colonel Count von Stauffenberg, this is my pilot, Lieutenant Karl Kray," my commander, General Eduard Wagner, Quartermaster General of the German Army, introduced us. "Lieutenant Kray is one of us and can be trusted, Colonel."

General Wagner did not mean by this that I was simply one of the Prussian officer class to which he and the colonel belonged. He meant that I was part of the same plot in which he and the Colonel were leaders, the plot to do away with Adolf Hitler, the greatest monster of modern times.

The Colonel extended his artificial hand for me to shake and the warmth of his smile more than made up for the coldness of the hand.

"You are to fly us to Rastenburg then," he said.

"Yes sir," I said. "I'm to fly you to the Wolf's Lair . . . and back again I hope, sir."

"Whether you fly us back is in the hands of God," the Colonel said as I shook hands with his adjutant, Lieutenant Werner von Haeften. "It doesn't matter as much as making sure that the Wolf himself is no more."

The flight to Rastenburg took approximately three hours, and shortly after we took off I let my co-pilot take over the controls of the big Junkers plane as we headed over the flat, low-lying farmlands of northern Germany toward East Prussia and the Wolf's Lair of Adolf Hitler.

The Colonel and Lieutenant von Haeften had an open brief case between them on the table when I entered the passenger compartment. They looked up startled and von Haeften started to cover up something that lay on the table with the papers.

"Never mind that," the Colonel said. "There's no reason why the Lieutenant shouldn't see our little present for the Fuehrer."

He picked up a small slab of plastic-like substance. "This, Lieutenant, is a piece of hexite, a very powerful and very useful explosive supplied to us by the courtesy of the RAF.

"You mean that we are working with the British?" I asked surprised. I had been sure that the plot against Hitler was a purely German affair.

"No, not that we know of," the Colonel laughed. "But they drop hexite all over Europe for the use of their saboteurs, and a lot of it





"Gentlemen, this bottle of Cognac holds the secret of the world's release from the maniac, Hitler!"

HITLER'S MURDER

(Continued from previous page)

falls into the hands of our Counter Intelligence Service which, as you know, is one of our centers of strength against Hitler. Our people there see that we get it because it is the most useful kind of explosive we've been able to discover.

"Why is that, sir?" I asked examining the material gingerly.

"Because," he said squeezing it between two of his three fingers, "it is like putty and can be molded into any shape desired."

"Even to the shape of a brandy bottle," Lieutenant von Haeften grinned.

"I don't think I understand," I said slowly.

"Then you haven't heard about how General Tresckow and Lieutenant Fabian von Schlabrendorf tried to do back in 1943 what we're going to do today?"

"No, I haven't," I said. "I was serving in Italy at the time."

"They molded some hexite into the shape of two brandy bottles and then lured Hitler to the General's Headquarters at Smolensk on the Russian Front on the pretense of having a conference. When der Fuehrer's plane left, they asked a member of his staff to carry the brandy to a mutual friend. Unfortunately for Germany and the world the trigger mechanism failed and the monster still lives. But for no longer than today, we hope."

"Then all is ready? Our friends in Berlin are ready to seize control?" I asked excitedly thinking how much I despised the little ex-Corporal.

"When the bomb which I will carry into the Fuehrer's conference room in my brief case goes off, General Fellgiebel, Chief Signal Officer of the Army will see that all communications are cut. Our friends in Berlin will then announce over the radio that Hitler is dead and that the Army is setting up a provisional government and is ending the war. The Guard Battalion of Berlin will surround the General Staff Building to prevent the Nazis from taking counter measures and Goebbels and the others will be arrested," the Colonel explained.

"And if Hitler isn't killed?"

"Then we ourselves will die," the Colonel said simply.

When we landed at Rastenburg, the Colonel and his aide shook my

hand again. "Have the plane refueled and stand by for instant take off," von Stauffenberg said gripping the brief case with its deadly contents under his arm. "We'll be leaving here in something of a hurry."

I watched anxiously as they drove away in a staff car sent over to take them to Hitler's headquarters concealed in a dense woods about ten miles away. I learned later that it took them a full half-hour to reach the place because they had to pass through three different check points in three different rings of pillboxes, mine fields and electrified barbed wire with which the jittery Hitler had surrounded his so-called field headquarters. Then they found themselves in an enclosure named *Sperkreis I* in which the only buildings were the Fuehrerbunker, the map room where conferences were held and a kennel for Hitler's dog, Blondi.

After breakfast the two officers had a chance to talk for a few moments with General Fritz Fellgiebel who said he was ready to cut communications between Wolf's Lair and Berlin as soon as the bomb went off.

They then had a brief visit with General Keitel, Hitler's greatest toady among the German officer class and later accompanied him to the map room. Before they started von Stauffenberg had excused himself for a moment ostensibly to get his hat and belt but really to set the bomb by squeezing with a special tiny set of pliers the little bulb of acid that would eat through the wire and release the trigger to set off the charge that we hoped would kill Hitler.

At 12:45 they entered the map room where they would meet the Fuehrer and I was having the engines of the plane warmed up for our get away.

They found the conference already underway, and the Colonel was led to Hitler by Keitel.

As he sat down he placed his briefcase on the floor beneath the huge eighteen by five foot map table about which Hitler and twenty officers were gathered. As soon as he had maneuvered the briefcase into a position near enough to Hitler for it to be fatal, the Colonel excused himself on the pretext that he had an important phone call coming through from his Berlin office. With the knowledge that the acid was eating away at the wire within the hexite bomb he hurried from the room and the enclosure and picked up Haeften. No sooner were they in the car and moving than the building behind them seemed to

erupt outward with tremendous force. "Return us to the airport at once," the Colonel told his driver and the two men looked at each other with the certainty that Hitler was dead.

Getting out of the Wolf's Lair was even harder than getting in however. They were stopped at the first roadblock but bluffed their way past only to be held up at the second by an officer who refused to let them go because of the explosion he had heard. The Colonel picked up the phone in the guardhouse and called the Deputy Commander of the camp who happened to be one of our group. The Deputy Commander ordered the officer to pass the Colonel at once and within a few minutes they were roaring across the field toward my plane. The Colonel took time then to make a phone call to Berlin before coming aboard.

"Hitler is dead," von Stauffenberg said as I held the door open for them. "Let us get back to Berlin at once."

When we landed in Berlin the Colonel asked me to accompany them to General Staff Headquarters where the rest of our plan was to be put into effect. Operation Valkyrie was the name of the plan by which we intended to seize control of the government. The death of the tyrant should have been announced by now and the major Nazis in the city arrested but as we drove through the streets we could see that the plan hadn't been put into effect yet. There was no excitement and except for the piles of rubble from the recent British bombings the city seemed to be completely normal.

At four o'clock that afternoon we were at the office of General Fromm who while having knowledge of the plot had refused to take part in it until he was sure of its success.

"What's been happening here?" the Colonel demanded of General Olbricht.

"We got your telephone call from the airport, but we haven't been able to get any cooperation from General Fromm or from von Helldorf at Police Headquarters."

"But why haven't you put Operation Valkyrie into effect?"

"We decided to wait for you."

"But why? You were supposed to act here as soon as you heard that Hitler was dead."

"But we are not sure that he is



FEEL LUCKY
My girlfriend and I will prove we can make you **FEEL LUCKY** to receive our photos and personal letter. We have \$3, \$5, & \$10 sets. Sample 50c.
JEAN B. Box # 437
Radio City Sta., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

dead," General Beck, another member of group said. "From insisted on calling Hitler's headquarters and he spoke to Keitel who said that Hitler is alive and not even seriously wounded."

"Keitel is a liar! Hitler was not have survived that blast," von Stauffenberg said hotly.

"This is bad," von Haeften whispered to me. "If Keitel is still alive and Fellgiebel hasn't destroyed the telephone exchange, we may be in for trouble."

"I tell you Hitler is dead," the Colonel was repeating to a group of officers who had just come into the room. "The time to start Valkyrie is now. It should have been started long ago."

"All right," Olbricht said suddenly and began to give orders to clear the eight hundred telephone lines in the War Ministry Building for the message that would go out to the commanders in the field at the Russia and Normandy fronts telling them that the tyrant was dead and that the army was taking over.

Then we all strode into General Fromm's office where Colonel von Stauffenberg confronted him. "Hitler is dead. I placed the bomb under his table myself. Keitel has lied, he cannot possibly be alive."

"You are all under arrest," Fromm said. "The Fuehrer is alive, and you are traitors."

"You are the one who is under arrest," the Colonel said. "Von Haeften... Kray... help me."

Von Haeften and I moved forward and seized the struggling General Fromm and hustled him into a side room and locked him in.

"Thank God we got here before it was too late," von Stauffenberg said. "These fools have been standing around doing nothing while the Nazis have probably been making plans for a counter attack."

"The Guard Battalion hasn't even taken up its position before the Ministry," von Haeften said.

"No and that is the most important part of our plan. Without them, any squad of SS or Gestapo men can just walk in and take over." The Colonel took my arm. "Kray, I have to stay here to keep these people moving. Will you go to Major Remer of the Guard Battalion and tell him to come at once with his men to defend the Ministry?"

Within a few minutes I was in a car speeding toward the barracks of the Guard Battalion. I didn't have to go all the way because I found Major Remer and his men drawn up in front of the Propaganda Ministry

(Continued on page 56)

MEN... YOU GET ALL TEN OF THESE TERRIFIC STAG MOVIE SUBJECTS FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!



1. Moment of Bliss



2. Savage Delights



3. Fanny Makes Good



4. Beautiful Animal



5. Secret Passions



6. Made in France



7. Lost Inhibitions



8. Boudoir Frantics



9. Forbidden Fruit



10. Coming Out Party

You must be delighted... you must be thrilled... you must agree that these are the most terrific girls you've ever seen in action or your money back!

TEN STAG MOVIE

SUBJECTS

all ten only \$2.00

8mm

GREATEST ADULT MOVIE BARGAIN EVER!

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to get ten delightfully different, sensationally thrilling stag shows on film FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE! Lovely, luscious young beauties go all out to please... ten girls, ten action plots, ten exclusive stag subjects, the kind you've always wanted, the kind only Titan Stag Films gives you!

NOW! DON'T DELAY! SPECIAL LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!

RUSH \$2 CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (FOR 16mm SEND \$4.50)

DEPT. 7021

TO: **TITAN STAG FILMS**

BOX 69656, WEST HOLLYWOOD 69, CALIF.

**MOVIE VIEWER SPECIAL
FOR TITAN
CUSTOMERS
\$4.95
ONLY**



DON'T MISS a thrill... a breath-taking, tantalizing action in Titan Stag Films. New Optic Movie Viewer for 8mm - 50' films gives big, bright, life-like motion pictures for intimate shows; even slow or stop motion. See ad above.

STAG STORIES FOR MEN

ADULTS ONLY



the book nobody dared to print!

COMPLETE—UNABRIDGED—UNCENSORED EDITION MOST DARINGLY INTIMATE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!

OTHERS PRINT IMITATIONS... WE DARE PRINT THE ORIGINALS! No holds barred! No detail omitted! Scene for scene, act for act, every action is fully described with intimate details word for word and exactly as they were when you passed them around on wallet worn typewritten sheets!

Shocking, racy, old-time favorites such as: HER ST. BERNARD, THE LOVIN' FAMILY, GASTON & ALPHONSE, THE HOBO & THE SOCIETY GIRL, DEVIL & THE BLONDE!

Plus many brand new ones like: SEVEN DWARFS FOR ADULTS, THE LOVE ATHLETE, WHO MADE THE MAID, HER BIG NIGHT, and many others!

MANY ILLUSTRATED WITH ACTUAL PHOTOS AND DANGEROUS BUT DELIGHTFUL ART!

\$2.98

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER. Sorry, no C.O.D. orders. GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

LIMITED PUBLISHERS GUILD AA25
BOX 69977, Los Angeles 69, California

RACY RACING GAL



Every once in a while, SPREE'S amiable photographer runs across a chick that seems just to perfect to present to our readers. Flashing eyed Terry is the chick that almost failed to get between the covers of this month's issue. Why? Because she's a full-fledged member of the sports car association—and she races.

This, as we mentioned, seemed almost too much. The chief editor took one look at Sulli's proofsheets, and told him that girls don't race hot cars.

"Terry is a tiger in a Corvette," he protested.

"With a body like hers, she'd be a tiger anywhere," he said in the disdainful manner of chief editors, "But let's see more of her." And he turned the pictures back to the hapless photographer.

Undaunted, of course, Sulli hopped into his station wagon and roared down the freeway to Terry's pad. There he found her lounging around in the altogether in the garden. Could he take some shots of her nude? But of course, she replied, flashing her dark eyes and peeling down to her black panties and



then peeling some more...

Satisfied with his afternoon of shooting, he explained that the race pictures he took of her were coldly rejected by the chief editor.

"So what?" Terry replied. "I'd rather be loved for my femininity than my hot car tactics. Besides, I hardly ever win in race competition."

We could name one kind of racy competition, however, where Terry is a front-runner every time!







"Oh. This business has its ups and downs but at least there's no lay off!"

MEN ONLY!

We have the most unusual items and novelties for men ever offered. Sample assortments, only \$2.00. Catalog only 25c, refunded on first order.

ARTCO MFG. CO., Dept. 1712
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood 28, Calif.

LARGE BUSTED YOUNG GIRL

Frisky Laine (48-26-38). Shimmer with pleasure as her unclad seductive young body eagerly teases, pleases, shows all and leaves you breathless with delight. Baringly intimate 8x10 photo set in clear sharp detail \$3. Five thrilling stag color slides \$2. Torrid TWIST routine on sizzling 8mm 50 ft color movie \$10. ADULTS ONLY! GEO. GOWLAND, Dept. SPA 999 Rose Ave., Palm Springs, Calif.



Meet MICKEY FRANZ

... one of the most Gorgeous Models in Hollywood. An intimate, revealing 8mm Movie of this Lovely can be yours for only \$3.00 (50 ft.) ... or — send \$5.00 for a full 100 ft.

PLUS —

complete information on how you can get NEW MOVIES of the LOVELIEST GIRLS in Hollywood EVERY MONTH for as little as \$2.25 each.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LAUREL DISTRIBUTORS, Room E
1350 No. Highland Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif.



HITLER'S MURDER

(Continued from Page 49)

and the Major was talking to a Lieutenant Hagar.

Quickly I drew the Major aside. "Hitler is dead," I told him, "Valkyrie is in operation and you are ordered to the War Ministry at once."

"Not so fast," Lieutenant Hagar said moving toward us. "The Fuehrer is not dead... the radio has said nothing."

"It is being kept secret," I said.

"You had better talk to Herr Reichminister Goebbels about this," Hagar said. "He is in charge in Berlin when Hitler and Goering are gone."

"Perhaps I should," Remer said undecidedly.

"Don't do it, Major, it's a trick," I said. The Major certainly was a fool if he even considered talking to the man who was first on the list of those we intended to arrest.

Remer ignored me, and, ordering his men to wait, accompanied the Lieutenant into the Propaganda Ministry. Since there was nothing else I could do I trailed along after them.

"I have been informed that the Fuehrer is dead," Remer told Goebbels.

"By whom?" the crippled little Propaganda Chief demanded.

"By this officer of the Luftwaffe," Remer said indicating me.

"Then the officer has been misinformed. The Fuehrer is very much alive. He was only slightly wounded."

Remer hesitated not saying anything, not knowing whom to believe. Goebbels picked up a telephone from his desk. "Here, call and find out for yourself. Say that I said you may talk to the Fuehrer. Do you know his voice?"

"Yes, I was decorated by him recently."

Remer picked up the phone and put the call through. After identifying himself he listened intently for a few moments, gave the customary "Heil, Hitler!" and hung up. Then he turned to look at me.

"That was the Fuehrer. He has placed me in command of the city and ordered me to take over the task of rounding up all the plotters."

For a moment I just stood there expecting him to denounce me to Goebbels. Then I realized that he was going on talking to the Propaganda Minister in order to give me a chance

LIVE OR VACATION IN MEXICO

\$150 PER MONTH!



House maids \$12 per month, chauffeurs \$30 per month. Gin, Rum, Brandy 80c fifth, First Mignon 50c lb. Sports, night life... tells what Mexico offers you.

Only \$1.00 for Illustrated 48-page booklet

TO: STONE OF MEXICO
Dept 1712 862 N. Fairfax • Los Angeles 46, California

Connoisseur's Club

...NOW FORMING

In the past our movies were made exclusively for a limited number of individual accounts. Now for the first time we are able to expand our clientele to include a number of particular mail order clients.

New movies shot every month plus other benefits exclusively for members only.
Rush \$1.00 for sample film strip, catalog and club information — \$5.00 for IMMEDIATE MEMBERSHIP and full 100 ft. film or 50 ft. (5mm) film.

Money promptly refunded with return of merchandise if not fully satisfied.

CONNOISSEUR'S CLUB

Room E

7900 Santa Monica Boulevard

Los Angeles 46, California



ADULTS ONLY
Membership limited to serious collectors.

ARTISTS • PHOTOGRAPHERS • AMATEURS

Looking for a Model?

Available Now! Nation-wide Model Directory featuring exotic and shapely brunettes, blondes and redheads who want to model for you. Each Listing includes the model's name, address, telephone, age, height, weight and "vital statistics." Limited Edition! Order now, only \$2.00

BEAUTY PARADE, Dept. C15

131 West 42nd St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

**Young & Tender
Big & Buxom**

No matter how you like them we have what you want. FREE sample and listing will prove it. Send 25c

EBEEE PRODUCTIONS
Box #174 Radio City Sta. New York 19, N.Y.

MAN & WIFE TEAM

If you have a camera, you can earn the kind of money you have always dreamed of. Complete Literature \$1.00.

ARTEK, Dept. 1712
862 NO. FAIRFAX, • HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

MOVIES FOR MEN!

WHY NOT
SEE ALL
OF US!

Just to prove we have the kind of movies you want why not let us send you a darling delightful MODEL FILM.

"Seven Dreams in Seven Scenes"



Don't miss this! Send only one-dollar (Just \$1.00) to: **RICHTER'S**

2424 K Entrance Drive Hollywood 27, Calif.

Check size:
☐ 8mm.
☐ 16mm.
☐ Sound

UNCOMMON PRODUCTS

FOR
MARRIED
MEN

Our business is the securing of UNIQUE PERSONAL ITEMS for married

men ONLY. Now available... complete selection of hard-to-find products. Married men, send today for ILLUSTRATED pictorial catalogue and future descriptive mailings. Enclose 25c for handling.

L & L SALES

6311 Yucca St. Dept 1712
Hollywood 28, California

to escape and perhaps to warn the others.

I withdrew from the room as Remer talked and left the building quickly and searched for my car but it was gone, probably commandeered by some higher officer. Desperately I tried to hire a cab and finally had to start walking as fast as I could toward the War Ministry. By the time I got there everything was in a state of confusion.

At the door were two officers with machine pistols. "Are you for the Fuehrer or against him?" one of them demanded and I knew that a counter-attack had taken place right within the Ministry.

"I am General Wagner's personal pilot," I said. "I have official business here. Everybody is for the Fuehrer, aren't they? What a silly question."

"Go on in, if you must, but be careful what you do," the man said.

I sprinted up the stairs toward the office where I had left von Stauffenberg and the others. It was only a twist of fate that saved me. I came to a stop outside the office just as the Colonel, General Olbricht, Lieutenant von Haeften and two other officers were being escorted from the room by General Fromm and armed guards. I stepped back against the wall as they filed past and although I am sure both von Stauffenberg and von Haeften saw me they didn't give me away by any sign of recognition. A few minutes later I made my way out of the building and saw what was the end of the story for the brave men who had tried to kill Hitler. Colonel von Stauffenberg, on the orders of the cowardly Fromm, was lined up with the others in the courtyard of the building and shot down by SS men.

"Long live eternal Germany!" the Colonel shouted just before they pulled the triggers.

I got away, and it was probably because I had only recently joined the conspiracy and was known only to a few of the plotters I wasn't arrested. I was not among the thousands shot or strangled in prison cells or was I forced to commit suicide like General Beck, von Kluge and even Rommel. Instead I returned to my squadron from which I had been on detached duty and my commanding officer covered for me and I lived.

Thus I was one of the very few who survived that ill-fated attempt to destroy Hitler which, if it had succeeded might have spared Germany and the rest of the world from another year of useless suffering.

BEER
6c
Quart

WINE
25c
Gallon



Easy to follow instructions for delicious home-brew. Amazing punch & vigor, cheap too. Send \$1.00 to
ARTEX FORMULA Dept. 1712
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, California

MEN! STOP SHAVING!

I Can Tell You How!

I did 18 years ago! My secret, recent picture and money back guarantee is yours for \$2... Free details.

LEONARD CHAMPAGNE, Dept. SP
 Box 201, Station F, Buffalo 12, N. Y.

MEN:
 Send for free information regarding highest quality 8mm and 16mm movies for the sophisticated adult male. Guaranteed to be the best you've ever seen. Also available: 35mm and 3-d color slides.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED 100%
CONTINENTAL STUDIOS
P.O. BOX 738 OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Delightfully Enticing...
Feminine FASHIONS
 GLAMOUR Catalog of blush creations, Bikini, Lingerie, Pin up Photo catalog & Special offer. 25c Jean Fashions Box 139P, R.C. Sta., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

50 ART MODELS
 PROJECT IN COLOR TO
LIFE-SIZE
\$500
SEND CASH OR M.O.
PROJECTUR CO.
6311 Yucca St., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

FREE
 PROJECTION
 INCLUDED
 WITH
 ORDER



STOP SEARCHING!

I HAVE THOSE PHOTOS

Send \$1 for samples and be convinced

Gigi
 Box 56-D
 Bronx 66, N. Y.




MAKE ANY WINDOW into
ONE WAY GLASS

NOW... with simple drug store materials, you can treat plain window glass so **YOU CAN LOOK OUT** through it, but the person on the other side **CAN'T LOOK IN AT YOU**. To get your Complete "One Way Glass Formula" send only \$1.00 to:

E-Z FORMULAS, Dept. 1712
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood 28, Calif.

UNCENSORED
 Never a gal like her in a film like this torrid production. Her body is sensational. She'll make you shudder with pleasure. She'll delight you.



THE GREATEST BURLESQUE MOVIE EVER MADE!

You won't believe your eyes when you see it. You'll not part with it for any price. The film of the century can now be yours!

GUARANTEED
 Your money back at once if it's not better than any you've seen

HONEY BEE
 42-26-37
 A SEXATIONAL STAG SHOW
 STRICTLY FOR ADULTS

8mm Movie (50 feet)... \$3.00
 16mm Movie (100 feet)... \$6.00
 8 4x5 Photos... \$2.00
 5 2x2 Color Slides... \$2.00
 Melton 8mm Movie Viewer \$4.95

Send cash, check or money order - No C.O.D.'s

TIGER PRODUCTION LAB

BOX 69993, HOLLYWOOD 69, CALIF.
 DEPT. Y21

SEX GUIDES

Bride and Groom

Chapters are entitled: after the honeymoon; the male sex organs; the female sex organs; the breasts as an erotic factor; causes of sex failure in husbands; frigidity in wives; eliminating difficulties; sex facts for married couples;

preliminary coital technic; coital positions — husband-above (1 to 19); wife-above (20 to 38); on-the-side (39 to 46); seated (47 to 55); kneeling-standing (56 to 81); misc. (82 to 85); coital movements. \$3.00.

A Woman's Intimate Life

Devoted to the intimate problems a woman faces, especially in marriage. In addition to detailing the correct douching process, a series of drawings illustrate the procedure. These include the knee-chest posture, reclining and upright posture, vaginal insertions and how to place them, the old nozzle and modern flange-type spray in vagina showing differences in effectiveness.

Other chapters detail breast exercises as well as exercises to build up the vaginal muscles. \$3.00.

Sexual Feeling

Covers the entire field of sex in marriage, in addition to such exclusive subjects as: enlarging the erect penis, obtaining satisfaction during menstruation, penis fears of wives, overcoming problems of the too-long and too-short husband and the wife's assistance in overcoming semi-potency;

its original drawings. These include not only the male and female sex organs, internal and external, but special drawings indicating both the correct and incorrect methods of penetration (with and without penis-clitoral contact.) \$4.00.

Sex Happiness in Marriage

Specializes in small but important facts generally overlooked in other books: vaginal contractions, obtaining multiple orgasms; prolongation, clitoral stimulation, matching disproportionate organs.

In addition, chapters deal with such standard subjects as sex anatomy, masturbation, coital positions, movements, etc. One of the few books with actual photos of both the male and female sex organs. \$3.00.

Sex Adequate Female

Chapters include: what women should know about sex; infidelity; the orgasm — ideal, oral-induced, masturbatory, by breast stimulation, by use of penis substitutes; frigidity—relation to lesbianism, causes; erotic dreams; the ideal sex relation; normal and abnormal sex acts; lesbianism — causes, cures, methods and techniques; neurosis and masturbation, etc. \$2.50

Calif. orders add 4% sales tax
Send \$1.00 with C.O.D. orders

FUTURA BOOKS
DEPARTMENT M., 4420 WEST IMPERIAL
HIGHWAY, INGLEWOOD 2, CALIFORNIA

WHITE SLAVERY

(Continued from page 44)

that the ring of slave-scouts works 24 hours around the clock sweeping up curvaceous candidates for transportation.

"The question we face," she said in an exclusive statement to SPREE, "is why the girls themselves don't sound the alarm—why they allow themselves to be hoodwinked across the Mediterranean Sea without putting up a resistance. The kidnapers are as determined as they are clever. They will prey on stranded girls and lend them money against written receipts so that there is an obligation. Others will seek out some secret of the girl's private life or will force her to commit some act they can hold against her. But when all such blackmail methods fail to work, then kidnapping is used."

Apparently the women who have been stolen from their homes are so intimidated with threats that they resourcefully resign themselves to their fate. Although some of them get away by a stroke of luck, they nevertheless refuse to talk for fear of reprisals. Most of the girls are shipped overseas, and the odds are strong that few of them will ever be heard from again. Because they leave their country without proper documents, it's virtually impossible for them to get out of an Arab state if they do manage to escape from a harem or a brothel.

The League suspects that at least 80 per cent of the abducted teenagers end up in Saudi Arabia while the other 20 per cent are being transported into Yemen. It seems that the fine hand of Saudi Arabia's monarch is suspected in some of the recent kidnappings, though there exists as yet no proof that King Saud's harem of some 130 bedroom slaves is currently featuring Italian, Greek or French dishes.

To verify these and other findings, I looked up my friend Emile Friedrich, Chief Commissioner of the Brigade Mondiale. This is his statement:

"These procurers, whom we call bido-chards, operate around railroad stations, cafes and movie houses. They also attend the many beauty contests held all over France and Italy where fresh victims for the slave market are discovered. Last summer, for instance, the police intervened just in time in a contest at Nice to save four girls between the ages of 15 and 19 from the clutches of a Levantine millionaire."

Monsieur Friedrich revealed that not all the girls kidnaped so far have been French, Greek or Italian. In some instances, refugees from Iron Curtain

countries who have made their way from Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Hungary into the Mediterranean regions have been whisked away.

Altogether Friedrich estimates at least 300 refugee maidens have been swept into harems. In some cases the Shanghai females have been tourists from Switzerland or Germany or were plucked out of St. Peter's Square in Rome or collared on a Riviera beach while still in their bikinis. So far as this writer can determine, no American sightseers, as yet, have been spirited away.

Just what happens to these luckless abductees after they vanish?

Commissioner Friedrich reports that his agents in the Middle East have traced the usual itinerary several French damsels have followed. They end up being thrown in with hundreds of African girls seized from the six main slave-producing areas of the black continent — Eritrea, Abyssinia, the Guinea Coast, Northern Uganda, Cameroons and Spanish Rio de Oro.

"Special commands," said Friedrich, "stage night raids on small villages and oases on the fringes of the Sahara. Eligible girls are rounded up at gun point and are taken to large *kraals* in the sand dunes between Igudi and El Djouf. This is where the black slaves are joined by the new crop of white girls from Europe. As soon as 200 head are assembled — black and white — a caravan is formed with the victims dressed in strips of the flimsiest fabrics or bedecked only in their birthday suits. Handcuffed together in sets of four, the naked and semi-naked victims are marched off at night under the surveillance of whip-wielding camelers."

It takes six weeks for the caravan to reach a maximum-guarded camp between the Tibbou Desert and the Tibesti Mountains. Described by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights as the center of the human slave trade, this point is the secret rendezvous where dealers unite from everywhere and place their voluptuous commodities on auction to the highest bidders. The U.N. estimates that nearly 40,000 young Negro women are bought and sold every year as so much flesh in this abominable meat store.

The native creatures are peddled for as little as two pinches of gold (\$100), and as high as \$2,000 in certain instances. But the new crop of light-skinned lassies from Europe lately has provided some special moments of spirited bidding—with final sales being concluded for tabs ranging anywhere from \$2,500 to \$3,000. Sometimes a European cutie will sell for a price lower than \$2,500—but this occurs only when the buyers

know they are bidding against one of King Saud's boys who will wear a special identifying dagger in his belt. It is not healthy in this region to outbid His Highness' representative.

"From the Tibesti camp," explained Commissioner Friedrich, "the beauties are shipped eastward on trucks. Between Port Sudan and Massaua the human cargo is put on *dhows* and ferried across the Red Sea. This is the most dangerous part of the entire journey for the kidnapped girls, because British gunboats are constantly on the search for slave ships. Whenever a patrol boat approaches, the usual practice for a slaver's vessel is to get rid of any damaging evidence as swiftly as possible."

The U.N. reported an eye-witness account of just what the Arab *dilals* (slave traders) do in order not to be nabbed redhanded. Here's the sworn testimony of British explorer J. Lewis Carver:

"One day I had the opportunity to watch a group of 300 chained young girls being loaded on 11 *dhows*. They were made to lie down on the bottom of the boats and covered with bags of Ethiopian coffee. During the trip the *nachoda*—that's the flagman—spied an English patrol ship and sounded the alarm. The captain instantly ordered the human freight dumped into the sea, chains and all, through a special hatch in the hull of the vessel. The heavy shackles took care of the rest."

The slave boats that successfully worm through to a clandestine "harbor of reunion" north of Jeddah—and they are in the majority, let it be said—deliver most of the living cargo to several notorious training establishments where the young girls attend a unique sex school. One of these "schools," perhaps the best in operation right now, is run by an Armenian widow who calls herself Madame Lydia.

Outwardly Madame Lydia makes her living as an importer of French perfumes, but the Paris police now know she is the tutor and coach for the harem novices put at her disposal. Under her tutelage the attractive young females are taught how to beautify themselves, how to do the correct lascivious belly-dances, how to caress and make love to a man and how to serve their future masters in every conceivable way. Students who balk or squawk at learning their lessons in a hurry are affixed to a dungeon wall and made to feel the sting of Madame Lydia's dreaded hippopotamus-hide whip of three thongs.

In a longshot move to talk to this Madame Lydia, a short while ago I made my way to Jeddah, a city of sprawling junk bazaars whose narrow streets are carpeted with dead rats and soaked with oozing sewage. But apparently word had

got around to her and her cohorts that I was a magazine journalist on the hunt for information about the traffic of human flesh. So when she met me, Madame Lydia—a thin-lipped, cadaverous-looking hag—refused to grant me a private audience or answer a single question. But I fell into an unexpected piece of luck, nevertheless.

Jeddah is full of former slaves. Many Arab women who worked in harems during the ripest years of their lives are put to pasture at the age of 40 (if they live that long), and you find them now begging in the streets of Jeddah. Though one of these women, Kawahkeb Um Fahad, I managed to learn something about the harems on the remote southeastern coast of the Arabian Peninsula. Kawahkeb had spent most of her adult life in the Sultanate of Shahr and Mokalla serving in slave-pens of one kind or another.

As for herself, Kawahkeb—a fairly good-looking, tan-skinned woman who had apparently lost considerable weight in recent years—said she had been born in a mud hut in the slums of Mosul, Iraq. Early in her life she was sold by her father Hassan into slavery for a sum of money that was equivalent to \$100 in America. Being a harem slave, she reported quite frankly, provided her with every comfort of life and made her better off materially than she had ever been before.

Catering to her master's sexual whims did not require much effort, since she was one of 72 girls on call, day or night. Not long ago, however, she was set legally free when her most recent owner tired of her and no longer wanted to keep paying for her groceries, after he unsuccessfully put her up for auction.

Kawahkeb swore to me that in the last harem she worked in, two delectable Italian girls had been brought in not long ago. Both of them had been abducted as recently as January—one from Reggio Calabria and the other from Palermo.

During their first weeks the Latin beauties—Eleonora and Scilla—stirred up a beehive of trouble and woe for the master, who tried to subdue them with punishments of various kinds without success. Finally, when nothing seemed to work, the wealthy sheik distributed long whips of elephant hide to 20 of the harem inmates.

One evening they were ordered to beat the two rebels mercilessly. And so it was done until Eleonora and Scilla fell to the floor unconscious. After that the "visitors" from Sunny Italy changed their cloudy disposition.

Kawahkeb informed me that as far as she knew, most of the modern harems in vast Arabia are furnished with all lux-

uries. They are equipped with air-conditioners and all the latest electric gadgets. Some harems even have television sets and tape recorders.

Nearly all the girls wear daring Paris-made toilettes with necklines plunging to the waist. Their robes are usually covered with precious stones and gold ornamentations. Cleanliness is maintained in tiled shower rooms. As long as a harem prisoner caters to her provider whenever and however he decides, she lives a comparatively easy life of peonage. But step out of line, as Kawahkeb stoutly assured me, and your lot can become a painfully miserable one, as witness the two abductees from The Boot.

The new practice of kidnaping unsuspecting young girls in Europe and smuggling them across the monsoon-swept Red Sea to the Arabian side is a sordid one indeed. And it has all the earmarks of becoming even more widespread if something is not done immediately. It seems incredible that such an abysmal practice, which is against all moral standards, can be nurtured in Europe by a greed in the Middle East as unyielding as the timeless shifting of the trackless Arabian sands. "Seek, and ye shall find," says the Islamic bible. And that explains why the sand-flecked operators from the desert country are scouring the Mediterranean these days.

As these words are being written, United Press International reported that Morocco's police were searching for a 17-year-old German television beauty who disappeared from her Casablanca hotel. Missing for three weeks before the alarm was spread, the girl had been in Morocco to get the "feel" of the country and learn some of its folk dances in connection with a movie, "Zoleika," she was to shoot. The police speculated that she had been kidnapped and taken off to sea to an unknown destination in the Middle East.

So here we go again. . .

Club For Sophisticates



Talk to me. Mention "Special interests." Don't be shy! Within a week you'll start receiving letters. \$1. brings membership to Men. (Ladies Free)

Confidential Discretion Assured
I.V. CLUB, ROOM 14 BOX 205
Terminal A, Toronto 1, Canada

INTERESTING PROPOSALS FROM PARIS

Young French girl wants meet Gentleman interested in obtaining rare collection of photos and films.

\$1 brings sample photo & details
No risk—Shipments thru Canadian agent
MLE, PRU-STE. 14

Box 12, Station M, Toronto 13, Canada

**THEY FIRST FOUND LOVE, BUT WHEN THEY PLAY-
ED SWITCH-MATE, RAW SENSUALITY WON OUT!**



Jim Frazer held a bottle of vodka in his left hand, Rhonda Parker's ample breast with his right, and gripped the steering wheel of his Mercedes-Benz with his knees. In the back seat Barry Huntington felt his fiancée, Janet Morrison, cling fearfully to him as the car sped up the twisting mountain road.

"Make him stop, Barry!" she whispered tensely. "He's going to kill us all!"

DOUBLE DATE

Even Barry, gazing out the window through an alcoholic haze, could see that they were coming dangerously near the edge of the steep cliff on the curves. "Hey, how's about slowing down a little, Jim?" he called.

"It'd be very frustrating if we had to start all over again from the bottom, after getting this far."

Jim raised his head from kissing Rhonda, laughed, and passed the bottle back to Barry. "Don't be such a worrywart, old Buddy," he said. "Have a drink and leave the driving to old Safety-first Frazer. This crate's been up here so many times she could make the trip by herself."

"Well, I know that she's going to be making it without me, if you don't slow down," said Janet.

Rhonda turned around and gave them a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, honey," she said. "Jim is a little reckless but he's really a good driver. You're safe in his hands."

"Yeah," said Jim, reaching under her skirt and gripping a shapely thigh. "And that's just where I like to have girls; in my hands." Rhonda laughed and buried her face in his neck.

Barry looked out at the trees and boulders flashing by in the bright moonlight. That about sums up Jim, he thought. Fast cars, fast women and a get-there-at-any-price attitude with everything he did. Sobering up a little, he was almost sorry that he had agreed to Jim's proposal of a double date this evening. They both worked for one of the largest advertising companies in Los Angeles, Barry was an artist, and Jim was the firm's hottest space salesman. It was the first time that he had been out socially with him, and he knew that Janet was unaccustomed to such crude and free-wheeling behavior.

He tightened his arm around her and stroked her soft, auburn hair. She was an elementary school teacher; a small, serious girl, attractive but not the type to deliberately

(Continued on next page)

STRAIGHT FROM THE
ORIGINALS
THOSE SHOCKING
THOSE INTIMATE

STAG STORIES

A fantastic opportunity to obtain a daring, privately printed edition featuring those rare stag story favorites you used to pass along on typewritten pages. Some you'll remember, many you've never seen, all in their original form. Every detail intact, every description vivid. They'll leave you breathless!

MANY WITH
ARTIST
ILLUSTRATIONS

FABULOUS
PHOTOS
YOU'LL
NEVER
FORGET!

THE MIDGET AND THE
DUCHESS • THE YOUNG
LADY AND HER DOG • I
WAS CAPTIVE TO SIX
WOMEN • DAY IN LIFE
OF A TRAVELING SALESMAN • SHE STOOPS TO
CONQUER, and many others,
each more sensational than the next. Guaranteed!

SENSATIONAL
PRICE
LIMITED
EDITION

1⁹⁸
ppd.

PRIVATE EDITIONS

Mailing Address X42
BOX 69856, DEPT.
LOS ANGELES 69, CALIFORNIA

42 SETS OF 12 PHOTOS

BIG 504
TOTAL ALL
FOR ONLY \$1.00



Spicy photos for adults... the kind that'll make an artist blush. Full-blown beauties. Front, back, top, bottom... every position revealed in breathtaking detail. Why pay 500x more? Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush \$1 to:

Sensational Photo Offer
Box 69744, Hollywood
69, Calif., Dept. K38

STRIP PHOTOS FOR COLLECTORS
The kind you hear about but hard to find! Rare sizzling action guar. 12 for \$3; 24 for \$5. H.P.B. ENTERPRISES, BOX 228, CULVER CITY, CALIF.

STAG PARTY ORIGINALS

Authentic, unretouched stages of well known gals before they reached the top. Rare thrillers all.

MOVIES, 8mm—50¢...\$3
MOVIES, 16mm—100¢...\$6
SLIDES, 5-2x2's...\$2
PHOTOS, 8-4x5's...\$2

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD

Box 69977, Dept 1140 Los Angeles 69, Cal.

DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 60)

call attention to himself. He was much like that himself. He smiled. They were certainly a contrast to Jim Frazer and the voluptuous sexpots that he dated, among which Rhonda was an outstanding example. She was a starlet, or, as she insisted on being called, an actress, at some studio in Hollywood. Barry had never seen her act, but, judging by the wanton way that she behaved with Jim, she had little need of dramatic ability to achieve success.

"There she is!" cried Jim, braking abruptly for a sharp curve. Barry snapped out of his reverie and looked down into the valley at the shimmering waters of Lake Arrowhead. Jim owned a cabin there and, after smog of mid-summer Los Angeles for half of the evening, had suggested that they drive up to it. Barry had been just drunk enough to agree with enthusiasm. But now he wondered if it was such a good idea.

"Jim," he said. "Maybe we ought to skip this little caper until someday when we have more time. After all, its nearly midnight, you know, and tomorrow's a working day."

"Plenty of time, old Buddy," Jim said, racing down the hillside toward the water. "You got nothing else to do but sleep anyway, and you'll get plenty of that when you're dead."

Before he could offer further protest Jim brought the car to a screeching halt before a small redwood cottage on the lakeside and leaped out with a flourish. "Lafayette, we are here!" he cried, draining the vodka bottle of the last of its contents. "Hell, empty already." Carelessly he flipped the bottle over his shoulder. "No bother, Plenty more in the shack. This way, children."

"Thank God we made it alive," said Janet as they all got out of the car and followed him into the cabin. "Barry, I am not going to ride back down with that maniac. I'll walk first."

"Relax, darling," Barry said soothingly. "I'll make him let me drive us back."

Jim got the door unlocked and the light turned on and ushered them into the cabin's small living-kitchen-dining-room.

"Oh, what a darling little place!"

cried Rhonda, running to bounce on the daybed by the window.

"All the comforts of home," said Jim. "Sleeps four. Eight, if you're good friends. Everybody have a seat while I see if I can scare up some martinis." He walked to the refrigerator behind the bar. Rhonda went to the hi-fi in the corner and began selecting records from the rack.

Barry could tell from the appraising glances Janet was giving the room that she admired Jim's taste in interior decorating. He sat down in an armchair and pulled her onto his lap and kissed her.

"We shouldn't have come," she said. "Do you realize what time it will be when we get home?"

"Yeah, well, we'll just have a drink and then start back. Sure is a nice place, though. Maybe he'll invite us up again." Jim returned with a tray full of drinks and pressed one into Janet's hand despite her insistence

BALD? RECEDING?

10 YEARS YOUNGER IN 10
SECONDS WITH TAYLOR TOPPER



MAIL COUPON NOW! COMPLETE DETAILS FREE
TAYLOR TOPPER, 771 7th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.
Dept. 2738 Please mail FREE literature on TAYLOR
TOPPER, or plain white envelope, positively no obligation
on my part. Advise office address closest to me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

READ WOW MAGAZINE

THE NEWEST & MOST UNUSUAL
MAGAZINE FOR MEN!
LOADED WITH PHOTOS, STORIES AND
HUNDREDS OF PERSONAL ADS.
EXTRAORDINARY NAJISTIC DISTRIBUTORS
FEATURES P.O. BOX 29, B. N.Y. 13 N.Y.

SEE MORE OF ME

and many others in a connoisseur's collection of 1250 power packed pin-up pictures... all for only \$1.

A surprising, enticing treat for the careful collector, a must for beginners, a thrill for all lovers of the feminine form, yours now in a sensational offer. 1250 pictures (all different) in the most sensational offer ever made. And all for only \$1.

Rush \$1 in cash, check, or money order now.

Sorry No C.O.D.'s.

PIX COLLECTORS CLUB, Dept. 2065

125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.





for A
heaven sent
delight

take
an



AS FEATURED IN SPREE #37

A
N
G
E
L
*

in
Color

home tonight *

ANGELIA FILMED IN BRILLIANT COLOR 100 FT. \$12.00
ANGELIA FILMED IN BLACK & WHITE interrupted 300 ft. \$17.00
angelia 200 ft. black & white version***** \$12.00
angelia 50 ft. version***** \$ 5.00



4x5 still photographs \$3.00 per. set
ANGELIA SET A SET B SET C ALL 3 sets \$7.00
SPECIAL If you purchase both the 100 ft. COLOR reel
and the 300 ft. Black & White reel . . YOU PAY ONLY \$25.00

PRINT NAME-----

ADDRESS -----

CITY -----@Z-----

STATE-----

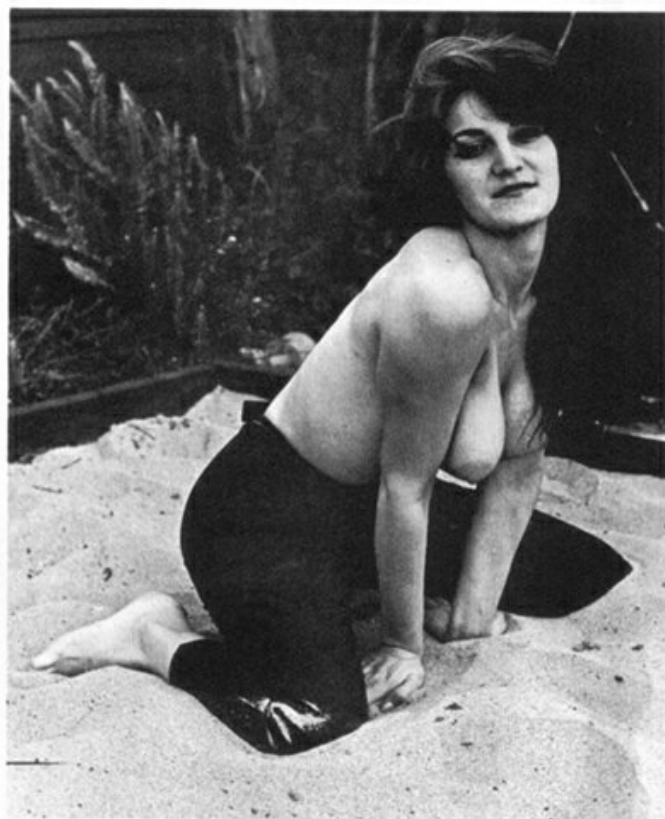
MAIL ALL ORDERS TO: CONTINENTAL IMPORTS

P.O. BOX 19627

ADULTS ONLY LOS ANGELES 19- CALIFORNIA DEPT. 1712



POOL SALES - GIRL - SHIP



Trying to sell swimming pools in southern California is not exactly like trying to sell beer to a desert rat. We don't know any rats, but there are certainly almost as many swimming pools in the land of sunshine as there are pretty girls to fill them. As you can imagine the competition is pretty stiff. Almost every house has one, and the newest trend is for the two-pool pad. Well it's almost here.

Getting back to the competition, however, it's pretty difficult to sell in a saturated market, as the research boys tell us.

Nevertheless, one swimming pool salesman, er ...sales woman has done the equiv-







**TESS HAS GOT EVERYBODY IN THE SWIM NOW
THAT SHE'S REVEALED HER HARD-SELL TACTICS!**





alent tropic job of selling ice boxes to the Eskimos. She's the swinging, full-bodied brunette shown on these pages.

Her name is Tess, known in the swimming pool country as the irresistible force that makes immovable anti-swimming fans part with their pocket books and buy, buy, buy.

How does she do it? What is the secret she holds that makes a Texas-size bathtub so appealing? We won't tell, but we will give you a hint: These shots were made while she demonstrated her sales pitch.

By the way, know anybody who wants to have a swim party? We just bought a swimming pool.



UNRETOUCHED

Uncensored photos released from a private collection. Clearly detailed photos. 12 4x5's only \$1.00



VICKIE 3 Orchard St. Dept. 24J N.Y. 2, N.Y.

I GOT 'EM!

Oh, Brother, what a guy can do with a camera and willing gals. Want to see? 12 4x5's only \$1.00



JOAN 2 Allen St., Dept. 33J N.Y. 2, N.Y.

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

Sell our ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS and other NOVELTIES. Each booklet size 4 1/4 x 3 and is ILLUSTRATED with comic characters. We will send 24 cost booklets prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00 or 40 cost booklets sent prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No orders sent C.O.D. SEND CASH OR MONEY ORDER.

REPSAC SALES CO. Dept. 12J

6 Knickerbocker Station

New York 2, N.Y.

NEW FIGURE PHOTOS

Girlie photos for adults... the kind you've been looking for... featuring full-blown beauties. Every girl sensational, every position revealed in breathtaking detail.

JUNE Dept. 44J 1 Orchard St. N.Y. 2, N.Y.

12 4x5's... \$1.00

ORIGINAL UNCENSORED UNRETOUCHED

PHOTOS

We have the photos you want, if you are looking for original, UNCENSORED and UNRETOUCHED photos of luscious girls POSED in FASCINATING positions specially selected for their APPEAL. 10 DIFFERENT POSES sharp and clear on 4x5 glossy paper only \$1.00 or 24 for \$2.00. (All different). No orders sent C.O.D.

CASSETTA 2 Allen St. Dept. 15J N.Y. 2, N.Y.

CURIOUS?

I have some photos of pretty girls which may be of interest to you. Not the ordinary kind 12 4x5's only \$1.00

CLARA 1 Orchard St. Dept. 61J N.Y. 2, N.Y.



ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

The kind YOU will enjoy. Each one of these booklets is size 3x4 1/2 and is ILLUSTRATED with 8 page cartoon ILLUSTRATIONS of COMIC CHARACTERS and is full of fun and entertainment. 20 of these booklets ALL DIFFERENT sent prepaid in plain envelope upon receipt of \$1.00. No checks or C.O.D. orders accepted.

TREASURE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 67J 182 Knickerbocker Station New York 2, N.Y.

VOLUPTUOUS

If you like them Buxom you'll like my photos. Unretouched art studies. The kind you love to see. 12 4x5's only \$1.00

BETTIE 2 Allen Street, Dept. 51J New York 2, New York



DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 62)

that she had had enough. Rhonda spun a hot jazz record onto the turntable and carried her drink over to the back door. "Hey, kids," she called, "Come out here and dig this crazy beer scene."

Jim laughed and they all followed her outside. The scene that greeted them was so beautiful that for a few moments they were all struck silent by it. The lake was as calm as a pane of glass and the full moon, directly above them, embellished it with a silvery sheen. The air was so clear that they could make out trees and houses on the opposite shore. Tiny wavelets lapped at the beach and far out near the middle a fish jumped, his tail slapping the water with a sharp report. "It's so quiet you'd think that there wasn't another person on earth," said Janet, wonderingly.

Rhonda strolled languidly down the short boat dock that jutted out over the water. Jim looked at her undulating backside and licked his lips. "Hey, I've got a real billboard idea," he said, slipping into office jargon. "The water's warm. Let's all go in for a swim."

"But we haven't any suits," said Rhonda.

"What's the matter, you chicken?" he leered at her.

She grinned challengingly at him and reached back to unzip her dress. Jim walked toward her, unbuttoning his sportshirt. "Come on, kids," he called back to Barry and Janet. "Last one in is a junior executive."

Barry looked down at Janet. Her face was turning bright pink. "I think we'll sit this one out," he said, turning her around and pressing her face to his chest.

"All right, be a couple of stuffy old party-poopers," Jim said. "You don't know what you're missing."

Barry was about to lead Janet back into the cabin when Jim bent down to remove his shoes, giving him an unobstructed view of Rhonda. She had laid her dress and slip aside and was rolling down her hose. She wore no panties and her white bra and garter belt stood out in bold relief against her tanned skin. Her body was so beautiful, her movements so sensual, that Barry could only stare at her entranced, momentarily forgetting all about Janet. With no display of modesty whatsoever, she slipped

WIPE OUT ALL DEBTS

Yes, it's possible to stop suits, bill collectors and attachment of wages. An unpublicized law enables ANY wage earner to do just this—and help wipe out all debts fast. Send \$1 for simple report—extremely easy to follow. ARTEK Financial Report, Dept. 1712J, 862 No. Fairfax, Hollywood 48, Calif.

I'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANT!

The greatest selection of NEW, DIFFERENT, EXCITING MOVIES available today. 8mm, 16mm, black and white and color! LET ME PROVE IT TO YOU. Send just \$1.00 for fascinating, illustrated catalog and film strip. \$3.00 for SPECIAL revealing 50', 8mm reel.

MARTINE Dept. 1712 P.O. Box 46367 Hollywood 46, Calif.



BRAND NEW! NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

The most exciting offer of its kind ever made.



ORIGINAL GENUINE

Eastman Color

FILM STRIP SLIDES

- BREATHTAKING COLOR AND CLARITY
- WIDE-SCREEN MOTION PICTURE QUALITY
- IMMENSE, DOUBLE FRAME 35MM SIZE
- INCLUDES PERSONAL VIEWER AND MOUNTS

Here's something really new... ORIGINAL, UN-DUPLICATED luscious, HOLLYWOOD MODELS... in all their unblushing glory! Glowing, gorgeous EASTMAN COLOR film... HUGE full DOUBLE-FRAME 35MM size. IMAGINE! 12 ORIGINAL poses... with the same CLARITY, QUALITY and BEAUTY you see in WIDE-SCREEN COLOR MOTION PICTURES! You've never seen such GORGEOUS GIRLS... in such GORGEOUS COLOR... till you've seen, this NEW TECHNIQUE in film strip slides!

BIG INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE...

1. Eastman Color Film Strip with 12 Original Poses of a Hollywood Model.
2. Your Personal, Optically Correct Viewer.
3. 12 Slide Mounts.

All for only \$4.00 postpaid (California Residents add 12c tax) ADULTS ONLY PLEASE

DON'T WAIT... DON'T DELAY

Send just \$4.00 (Sorry, No C.O.D.'s): BARBARA MARTINE, DEPT. 1712 Post Office Box 46367 Hollywood 46, California

out of the remaining garments and brazenly-blew him a kiss. Then she stepped to the end of the peer and dived into the water. Jim hurried out of the last of his clothes and followed her. Their heads bobbed up together and they called jeeringly at Barry and Janet. Then they began to splash about like two happy children.

Barry and Janet went back into the cabin. He stood staring moodily out the window while she went to the record player and put on another disk. She returned to him and touched him gently on the cheek. He did not look at her. "I'm sorry, darling," she said. "What for?" he asked.

"For not being more like Rhonda. I saw the way you were looking at her." He tried to protest but she laid a finger across his lips. "It's all right. I understand. She is very beautiful and full of life. It's easy to see how any man would be impressed by her."

He put his arms around her. "Don't be silly. I wouldn't trade you for a dozen like her. Do you think that I fell in love with you just because I wanted to go swimming nude with you?"

She cuddled against him. "It's not that I'm prudish. I admire her for having the courage to do things like that. But, well, I just wasn't brought up that way."

"And I wouldn't have loved you if you had been. Forget it. We'll have plenty of time for that when we're married."

She said in a small voice, unable to look up at him, "I think I could do it if we were alone. I just got frightened with them around."

He felt his pulse quicken. "You mean it?"

She nodded. "Come on!" he said, a note of urgency in his voice. He lead her outside and a few hundred yards down the road. They found a small cove flanked by pines. He kissed her passionately and quickly began to undress. "Don't look at me," she said, "Until I'm finished. And promise you won't be disappointed. My figure isn't half as good as Rhonda's."

He turned his back to her and laughed. "You could never disappoint me."

Finally, long after he had shed his clothing and was burning with impatience, she said softly, "You can turn around now." He turned slowly and felt his breath catch in his throat as he beheld her. He had painted many nudes in art school but he knew without a doubt that her body was the most perfect figure he had ever seen. Rhonda's was sexier, yes. But it was

the popularized, exaggerated concept of sexiness; long-legged, big-busted, heavy-hipped and shaking loosely all over like jelly. Janet's flesh was firm and delicately molded along the classical lines of an ancient Greek statue. He wondered that he had never considered her beauty from an artistic point of view before. He must have been too much in love with her to notice. He decided to paint her when they returned to the city. It was more than a decision; it was an urgent necessity that every artistic fiber in his being called out for.

She began to fidget under his hungry gaze. "We'd better go into the water," she said. He nodded and walked to her. They clasped hands and walked together into the cool, quicksilver-like liquid. When they were in chest-deep he took her in his arms and kissed her gently. Then they turned and swam side by side far out into the lake. There they rolled over on their backs and floated, looking up at the clear, glowing sky. "It's as though we were far out in space," she said, "Completely detached, free, a million miles from anything else."

"We are," he said, letting an arm drift around her shoulders. "Nothing else exists when we're together."

They swam slowly back to the beach and when they walked out of the water she left the last of her fear and inhibitions behind. He kissed her with the special kind of passion and self-confidence that only absolute ownership can give a man. He picked her up, sleek and dripping, and carried her into the shadow of the pines, unmindful of the sharp gravel beneath the tender soles of his bare feet. There, on a bed of soft ferns, they again drifted aloof and superior in their own private segment of eternity. When her soft cries of pain turned to low, ecstatic moaning he knew that he would never envy Jim Frazer and his kind again.

Afterwards they lay in each other's arms for a long time, unaware that the night had turned colder and puckered their drying skins with countless tiny bumps. "I'm glad we waited till now," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Everything was so perfect."

Suddenly the mood was shattered by an icy deluge of water cascading over them. As they thrashed about, sputtering and shivering, he heard Rhonda's throaty laugh and Jim's hardy bellow.

"Honeymoon's over, lovebirds. It's drinking time again. Rise and shine."

Barry leaped to his feet, wanting

(Continued on Page 73)

UNIQUE, UNUSUAL BOOKS

BRAND NEW! Just Published!

FORBIDDEN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND MORALITY

by R. E. L. Masters

What are the so-called "PERVERTED PRACTICES"? What is the History, Psychology, Physiology involved in such Practices? "FORBIDDEN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND MORALITY" explores such "hush-hush" areas as: BESTIALITY, from ancient myths to present day actualities; HOMOSEXUAL ACTS, including Sodomy, Fellatio, Tribadism, Cunnilingus, and Masturbation; MISCEGENATION, the exploration of the Negro Sexual Myth; SEX AND FORBIDDEN DRUGS, with emphasis on what are the TRUE APHRODISIACS such as Mescaline and Yohimbine; ADULT-CHILD RELATIONSHIPS, including Incest, NYMPHOPHILIA and PEDOPHILIA. This book includes many quotations from MARQUIS DE SADE, KRAFFT-EBING, KINSEY, THE KAMASUTRA!

A-601 - ONLY \$9.50

AUTO-EROTIC PRACTICES

Chapters include: Why wives masturbate—unsatisfied women, frigidity and masturbation, associated abnormalities, and erotism. General Experiences and Methods—technique of masturbation, greater latitude of females, clinical discovery, club masturbation, homosexual masturbation, ritual masturbation, individual experiences. Masturbation in Children—childhood experiments, introduction by adults, aroused by curiosity, abnormal fantasies, girls more addicted than boys. Artificial Phalli (use by women)—vibrating vibrators, artificial penises, the gonemite, the rin-no-tam. Special Masturbatory Technique—special position technique, thigh-friction technique, breast-genitalia technique. Auto-Erotism in Widows—the widow problem, sexual desire, conflicts, widows under forty, widows over sixty, case histories.

A-945 - ONLY \$2.50

Attain Sex Happiness and Sexual Harmony! MODERN SEX TECHNIQUES

by Robert Street

A step-by-step guide that starts where other Sex Manuals leave off... FRANKLY WRITTEN... ILLUSTRATED... DESIGNED TO HELP THE FRUSTRATED AND PERPLEXED!

Here are just a few of the subjects this superb book covers: THE EROGENOUS ZONES, with methods of stimulation; TECHNIQUE OF FOREPLAY, fully discussed and covered; TYPES OF ORGASM; IMPORTANCE OF DIGITAL CONTACT; THE TECHNIQUES OF COITUS, with emphasis upon the Techniques involved for the highly, moderately, or lowly passionate female; POSITIONS IN INTERCOURSE, with full explanation of variations, including Oral Connection; CONTROLLING THE ORGASM; THEORY OF THE "SAFE" DAYS; SEXUAL INCOMPATIBILITY; SEXUAL READJUSTMENT; and much much more in the way of Unusual, Informative FACTS! If you want the power to love and make others happy as well as yourself, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THIS BOOK! TRULY A MUST!

A-973 - ONLY \$4.00

SEXUAL FEELING IN MEN AND WOMEN

by Dr. G. Lombard Kelly

Covers the entire subject of sex in marriage, including the need of sex instruction, sex impulse in men and women, impotence, sex hygiene, auto-eroticism, sterility, fertility, change of life, etc. Important pieces of information woven into the theme: how to enlarge the erect penis, penis fears in wives, use of lubricants, satisfaction during menstruation, a wife's manual assistance in overcoming semi-impotence. Original drawings: Male and female organs, both external and internal, drawings illustrating correct and incorrect methods of penetration. Wives will benefit from seeing how the penis is received.

A-974 - ONLY \$3.50

ORDER ALL 4 BOOKS LISTED ABOVE, AND GET A FREE BOOK BONUS! ORDER BY NUMBER. DO IT TODAY!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

SEND CHECK, CASH OR MONEY ORDER.

C.O.D.'s O.K. (When Accompanied by a \$2 Deposit.)

SEND YOUR ORDER TO:

JOHN AMSLOW & ASSOC., DEPT 1712

6311 Yuca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Calif. Res. Add 4% Tax



**50 ft. 8mm
MOVIES**

ONLY \$1⁰⁰ EACH

Why pay \$2.00 or more for 50-ft. ADULT movies? You can get the very best for only \$1.00!

- ☐ 1 Donna Long "ON A PICNIC"
- ☐ 5 BARBARA NICHOLS Screen Test
- ☐ 6 ANITA BAXTER Screen Test
- ☐ 9 Nancy Finley "LEG ART"
- ☐ 38 Screen Test of PATTI POWERS
- ☐ 42 MITZI, dark eyed Cherie
- ☐ 43 EXOTIC BONGO DANCE, Doeree
- ☐ 48 KATHY MARLOWE Shops in Bikinis
- ☐ 51 MAN TRAP, Bedroom Comedy
- ☐ 53 KATHY MARLOWE Models Bikinis

- ☐ 84 TANYA Models Lingerie
- ☐ 94 TASSELL HASSEL, 5 Star Film
- ☐ 124 CHOENDELLE, At The Zomba
- ☐ 10 Barbara Osterman "PIN-UPS"
- ☐ 13 "RHUMBA AMALIA" Cuban
- ☐ 23 "SILK STOCKING MODEL"
- ☐ 30 Gwen Caldwell "GIRL WITH \$1,000,000 LEGS"
- ☐ 46 "SEASHORE FROLICS"
- ☐ 49 "BEAUTY PARADE"
- ☐ 54 Jerrima "BURLESQUE STAR"
- ☐ 60 "LINGERIE MODEL"
- ☐ 62 Kalantan "DANCE NOCTURNE"

- ☐ 64 "WOMEN OF BALI"
- ☐ 82 Kalantan in "BUDDHA DANCE"
- ☐ 87 Betty Howard in "EXOTIC MAMBO"
- ☐ 92 Dolores Del Raye "ST. LOUIS WOMAN"
- ☐ 94 "HINDU TASSEL HASSELL"
- ☐ 101 "CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE"
- ☐ 126 "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS"
- ☐ 144 LOLITA de CARLO, Montreal's best
- ☐ 146 GOLDIE GIBSON, Star of 150 & 151
- ☐ 148 WRESTLING, Terry vs. Shirley
- ☐ 150 GOLDIE in "Pitch & Putt"
- ☐ 151 GOLDIE'S, A Few Changes
- ☐ 155 GOLDIE GIBSON, Screen Test
- ☐ 160 GOLDIE the GARDNER
- ☐ 164 HOW TO PLAY GOLF
- ☐ 183 ILLONA, Rainbow Fantasy
- ☐ 186 SANDRA, Lingerie Model

- ☐ 190 IRIS BRISTOL, Hula
- ☐ 191 IRIS BRISTOL, Where's My Hat?
- ☐ 102 Sherree North in "EXOTIC DANCER"
- ☐ 108 Nora Knight "EXOTIC DANCER"
- ☐ 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE"
- ☐ 129 Sherree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES"
- ☐ 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER"
- ☐ 133 "UNDERWATER EXOTIC DANCE RHYTHMS"
- ☐ 149 Lian "EXOTIC PARISIAN"
- ☐ 182 "EXOTIC SWAN DANCE"
- ☐ 185 "LOUISIANA STRUT DANCE"
- ☐ 187 Jerrima "SOUTH SEA BELLE"
- ☐ 193 Blaze Starr "DANCE OF FIRE"
- ☐ 198 Busty Brown "MAID'S DAY OFF"
- ☐ 238 Blaze Starr "POSES"
- ☐ 239 Blaze Starr "SCREEN TEST"

100 ft. 8mm Movies \$2.00 EACH

- ☐ 8 Lili St. Cyr "DANCE OF SALOME"
- ☐ 72 "PIN-UP POSES" of Tanya
- ☐ 83 Kalantan in "FIRE DANCE"
- ☐ 88 Jacqueline Hulrey "ACROBATICS"
- ☐ 89 Jan "MODELS LINGERIE"
- ☐ 121 Sherree North in "CAN CAN"
- ☐ 122 "THE SULTANS FAVORITE DANCER"
- ☐ 106 Dee Millo & Carol Jayne "SPIDER DANCE"
- ☐ 110 ILLONA at the Zomba
- ☐ 120 SCREEN TEST, Sherree North
- ☐ 142 MAN TROUBLE, Girls Frolicing
- ☐ 167 GIRL IN THE GILDED CAGE
- ☐ 176 SLEEPY TIME GAL, Dixie Evans
- ☐ 188 Betty Howard, "BIG BLUE EYES"
- ☐ 192 IRIS BRISTOL, Double Feature
- ☐ 199 CORINNE, Parisian Chorine
- ☐ 236 Ann Peters "CHEESECAKE"

200 ft. 8mm Movies \$4.00 EACH

- ☐ 31 PIE ALA MODE, Cast of 6
- ☐ 99 ITALIAN BEAUTY QUEENS

GIRLS WRESTLING 200 FOOT

No. 510\$6.00 No. 511\$6.00

RUSH COUPON TODAY

8MM MOVIE CLUB Dept. 476
480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$_____ in ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

I order the following films by number_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Send COD. I enclose 25% Deposit.

DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 71)

more than anything else at that moment to kill Jim Frazer. But he knew that such a desire was unjustified. Jim was only being true to his own nature. He could not be blamed for that. Barry only pitied him, because he would never know the true meaning of the male-female relationship, as he and Janet had.

After a few crudely insinuating remarks Jim and Rhonda left them to dress in private. "How long do you think they were there?" Janet asked. "I don't know. I'm sure they didn't see us making love."

She shuddered. "I hope not."

He kissed her tenderly. "It doesn't matter. Nothing could spoil it."

They returned to the cabin to find Jim and Rhonda dancing the Twist, the record player blaring so loud that its echo bounced back from the opposite shore of the lake. Jim winked knowingly at them, slapped Barry on the back, and forced drinks into their hands. When Barry suggested it was time they returned to the city, he insisted that they stay long enough to watch Rhonda demonstrate a new dance routine that she was preparing for a nightclub act.

They all settled back with fresh drinks and Rhonda turned the music and lights low. Then she began to perform a series of slow, sensual movements that appeared more sexually suggestive to Barry than any regular bump and grind number that he had ever seen.

To his surprise, he became so absorbed in the dance that he didn't notice the time slipping away or Jim constantly re-filling his and Janet's glasses. When at last he was able to tear his eyes away from Rhonda his head was spinning and Janet looked as drugged as he felt. Jim eased down beside him and started speaking in a low, hoarse voice. It was several moments before Barry realized that he was extolling Rhonda's virtues as a bed partner. "What are you talking about?" he said, trying to hide his excitement with feigned anger. "I already got a girl."

"Yeah," Jim said coaxingly. "But one's not enough, old Buddy. A guy needs variety, or else he gets stale."

Rhonda was directly before Barry now, swaying seductively, her full-

blown body straining at the thin fabric of her dress. Barry saw that she had not bothered to put on her underclothing after the swim. He licked his lips and tried to control his breathing. His hands ached to grasp those soft, quivering breasts.

"Just say the word, old Buddy," Jim whispered. "Just one little word and it's a deal."

With a tortured cry, half triumph, half surrender, Barry rose up and dragged the unresisting Rhonda to the day bed. He did not notice Jim lead Janet, stumbling and bleary-eyed, into the small bedroom.

He had never dreamed that there could be such strength and tenacity in a woman's limbs, such urgency. Rhonda was everything that Janet was not—active, violent, impetuous. He could never have loved her, but he was grateful for the experience she gave him and the unknown parts of himself that he discovered through it. When he finally lay exhausted beside her, he thought of the fun that he and Janet would have experimenting with the activities that Rhonda had acquainted him with.

The thought of Janet brought him bolt upright in a cold sweat. Where was she? Where was Jim? He leaped from the bed and dashed to the bedroom door. As he grasped the doorknob he froze, a sick, twisting sensation in the pit of his stomach. Through the door he heard Jim's voice and Janet, laughing.

Barry drove the Mercedes back down the mountain. Jim and Rhonda sprawled in the back seat sleeping like two well-fed animals. Janet sat beside him, staring straight ahead. He tried to speak several times, but nothing came out. As they passed through San Bernardino and swung onto the freeway he wondered what would happen if they tried to ignore this night and go ahead with the wedding as planned. How long would it take the acid of this memory to eat away their love and self-respect and leave them lashing at each other in barren bitterness? How soon would Janet prove herself incapable of satisfying the strange new appetites that Rhonda had awakened within him? And what about the appetites that Jim must have awakened in her? How many nights would their love-making be haunted by the fear of calling out, at the height of their passion, the name Jim or Rhonda? More than at any other time in his life, he wished that he was a healthy, brainless, animal like Jim Frazer.

When Janet got out of the car at her apartment house he knew that he would never see her again.

HONEST!

Unforgivable



LILLIAN

The name is Cynthia performing in



THE
WILD
ONE

IN
COLOR
AND
BLACK &
WHITE
YOU

DARE NOT
MISS THIS!

We have CYNTHIA available in:
8mm only.

1 - 50 ft. Color \$ 7.00

4 - 50 ft. Black & White films ea. \$ 3.00

All 4 rolls of Black & White on a full

uninterrupted 200 ft. reel \$12.00

Set of Photos \$ 3.00

☐ Lillian, 200 Feet \$12.00

☐ Francine, 200 Feet \$12.00

☐ All Films Listed \$32.00

☐ All Three Sets of Photos \$ 7.00



FRANCINE

BUT.

POWERFUL

beyond any foreign films

DAVID SALES CO., P.O. BOX 31411
Lincoln Heights Sta., L.A. 31, Calif. Dept 1712

YES, the rumors are true. Just before she took her life, Marilyn Monroe asked one of the world's most talented photographers to shoot a series of studies revealing herself in the nude as she had never before permitted herself to be revealed.

These last nude photographs of Marilyn Monroe are without doubt the loveliest photographs ever taken of the most idolized woman of our time. So dazzling are they, in fact, that Miss Monroe—who saw them before she died—specifically instructed the photographer to be sure to see that they were published.

These photographs of Marilyn Monroe in the full flower of her beauty are a fitting memento of the woman who did so much to rid our nation of the baneful effects of puritanism. Obviously, these are the photographs by which Marilyn Monroe wanted to be remembered.

A portfolio of these handsome photographs—comprising perhaps the greatest photographic essay of our time—will appear as a special feature in the next issue of EROS. The portfolio, 24 pages long, consists of almost 50 photographic studies, many in glorious color, together with the full story of how these pictures came to be taken.

This photographic essay—a collector's item never again obtainable—will appear exclusively in EROS and will be seen by no one but EROS subscribers.

What is EROS? EROS represents this country's first attempt to produce a really worthy magazine on the ever-fascinating subjects of Love and Sex. Until now, these subjects have been relegated to cheap and tawdry periodicals.

In EROS, the talents of the world's most gifted writers, artists and photographers have been mustered and applied to a periodical of elegance and grace. Subjects which customarily have been sensationalized or degraded are handled in EROS with dignity and good taste.

EROS is a unique intellectual commodity. It is literate without being stuffy, bold without being sensational and artistic without being obscure.



"I have never quite understood this sex symbol business, but if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for."—Marilyn Monroe

In a typical issue of EROS you will find such diverse (and often abstruse) features as:

Masterpieces of Erotic Art. The unknown or long-suppressed works of such masters as Rodin, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso.

Was Shakespeare a Homosexual? A problem which has perplexed scholars for centuries is tackled by a noted biographer.

The Erotic Sculpture of India. Twenty-two pages of statuary in a forthcoming issue of EROS depict the Hindu Art of Love, with text by the distinguished author Santha Rama Rau.

Slave Owners and Negro Concubines. Recapitulation of a little-known chapter of ante-bellum history.

The Secret Message of Lady Chatterley's Lover. A fascinating article on a peculiar form of love-making which D. H. Lawrence appears to have been advocating in his most widely read novel, unbeknown to many of his readers.

The Contraceptive Industry. A review in the manner of FORTUNE magazine of one of America's least-known-about but most lucrative businesses.

Vice in Old New York. A guided tour of the quarters of sin that pockmarked "New Sodom," as the city was called in Victorian times.

Dr. Theodor Reik on Erotomania. Cases of insatiable sexual passion described and analyzed by one of the world's most distinguished psychoanalysts.

From a 19th Century Aphrodisiac Book. A selection of amusing recipes with descriptions of the results they were supposed to have effected.

"1601" by Mark Twain. The complete text of this long-suppressed masterpiece of which Twain himself said, "If there is a decent word findable in it, it is because I overlooked it."

The President's Daughter. The story of a book suppressed during the 1920s in which a certain Miss Nan Britton gave an account of a six-year-long relationship with an American President which culminated in the birth of a daughter out of wedlock.

America's Greatest Sex Experiment. An account of the mass test of "omnigamy" that took place at Oneida, N. Y., during the second half of the 19th Century. Every adult male had call on every adult female in this unprecedented experiment in communal conjugal relations.

In short, EROS is the mirror of love in the belles lettres and beaux arts of mankind. In format, EROS resembles the most costly of art books. It is folio size and casebound in hard covers for permanent preservation. Each issue looks like an expensive

limited edition volume (which, in a sense, it is, since EROS is published in an edition of only 75,000 copies).

The Saturday Review has dubbed EROS "The American Heritage of the bedroom."

Variety says: "EROS may replace bachelor etchings."

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "EROS takes the fig leaves off statues and there is nothing wrong with that; it is a status symbol on the coffee tables of our society."

The cost of single issues of EROS is \$10 and annual subscriptions sell for \$25. However, if you take advantage of our special Charter Subscription Offer which is available for a limited time only, you will receive a full year of EROS—four quarterly issues—for only \$19.50!

If you subscribe now, not only will you receive the issue containing the memorable Marilyn Monroe photographs but you will also obtain Charter Subscriber status which en-

titles you to:

—Buy gift subscription for only \$19.50.
—Renew your own subscription indefinitely for only \$19.50, despite any subsequent price increases, and
—Have your subscription begin with Volume I, Number 1 of EROS. This is not to be taken lightly. The first issue of EROS is already well on its way to becoming a collector's item.

To enter your Charter Subscription to EROS, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$19.50 to EROS, 110 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y. You will start receiving EROS within two weeks.

We urge you to subscribe now before the issue containing the Marilyn Monroe photographs is sold out.

Note: If you wish to purchase only the issue containing the Marilyn Monroe photographs, but you do not wish to subscribe to a full year of EROS, you may do so by checking the appropriate box in the coupon and remitting only \$10.

©1962 EROS MAGAZINE, INC.

EROS®

EROS Dept. 202
480 Lexington Ave.
New York 22, N.Y.

EROS



Check one:

☐ Please enter my one year Charter Subscription to EROS for which I enclose \$19.50. I understand that my subscription will begin with Volume I, Number 1 and that I will also receive the issue containing the last photographs of Marilyn Monroe.

☐ Please send me only the issue of EROS containing the last photographs of Marilyn Monroe, for which I enclose \$10.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE



NEW: SENSATIONAL GIANT PIN-UP FOLDOUT IN FULL COLOR



Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro>

or at **www.yootha.com**